
THE
C O N T R A S T :
A N O V E L.

THE
CONTRACT
AND
REVENUE



THE
C O N T R A S T

A N O V E L.

BY

E. S. VILLA-REAL GOOCH.

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THE
C O N T R A S T :
A N O V E L.

C H A P. I.

ON the coast of Cornwall is a small village, situate on a rising hill, which commands a view of the sea. A chapel, built on the summit, is its principal edifice; thither did the hearts of its humble inhabitants repair to invoke the mercy of their Creator, and oft did they implore him to protect such of their
B friends

friends and relations as were exposed to the boisterous element below it. Nor was this the only purpose to which this simple building was adapted; frequently did its white front borrow aid from the moon, and served as a land-mark to the distressed mariners, who were driven within its view.

This village, which I shall call Birtland, might have been justly described as secluded from the world. No proud lord usurped its happy domain. No legal plunderer attended to settle those trifling differences between man and man, which, without such interference, might be soon adjusted; but which, when applied, frequently proves worse than the evil. At Birtland, the age of primitive innocence still existed; at Birtland, all was union and perfect tranquillity.

Within two miles of this happy village stood an ancient castle, formerly the residence of the house of Hastings. Many were the illustrious Earls of Huntingdon who had drawn their first and last breath
of



of life within its then peaceful walls. Every heir of that distinguished title had signalized himself by deeds of unbounded munificence. They were as remarkable for their benevolence and hospitality, as the courtiers of the present age are for their arrogance and boundless ambition. At THEIR door, never was the tale of woe rejected, nor did a petitioner crave in vain. The wealthy and the indigent were equally unknown; and the hearts and purses of these noble lords were ever open to the tears of the unhappy. To obtain their protection, it was necessary only to solicit it; for no guileful wanderer ever bent his way to the happy but retired castle of Ledstone.

Many centuries had passed in this state of bliss, when time, which is ever working miracles, (hitherto fatal to mankind!) stretched the cloud of fate over this humble corner of England. The *last* Earl of Huntingdon *died*. His generosity had over-reached his power, and his estates were involved. That of Ledstone was an object of too much importance to be

abandoned by the rapacious creditors; it was therefore agreed that it should be put up to sale, and parted with by public auction.

A gentleman, the son of a wealthy merchant in the city, was the highest bidder, and to him was that property consigned. He was a young man, not possessed of very shining abilities, who had been educated at Westminster-school, and was thence sent to Oxford. But study was ill adapted to his taste; he left both these places in disgust, and prevailed (but not without difficulty) on his father, to suffer him to pass two or three years on the continent, by way of giving a finish to his education.

It was soon after his return to England, that he determined to marry, but he had frequently the mortification to find his proposals rejected. Money was no object to him, as he was sure to inherit, on the death of his father, a considerable fortune; but he wished to ennoble his name, hitherto best known upon
'Change,

Change, and was at length fortunate enough to succeed in his addresses, with the only daughter of a new-created Irish peer, who had been successful in his claim to the title of his ancestors, and whose greatest advantage was her title.

It was soon after this marriage took place, that he became the purchaser of Ledstone, which he knew only by report, having never visited the West of England. In London, Lady Jane was equally a stranger. She had passed her life in Dublin, but remained unnoticed there until her father was created an Earl. They set out for London too soon afterwards for her to fix her choice among her old acquaintance, who were many of them at length become her new admirers.

Mr. James Martindale was the first monied man who solicited the hand of Lady Jane; and to his fortune, more than to himself, was she immediately devoted.

C H A P. II.

MR. Martindale hired a ready-furnished house in the vicinity of Portman-Square; and on the fourth of June, just five weeks after her marriage, Lady Jane Martindale was presented at St. James's. Her person was rather handsome than otherwise, and it was on this occasion decorated with all the paraphernalia of birth-day magnificence. To be admired, it was necessary only that she should be seen; and to *her*, the knee of adulation was soon bent. The Earl of C——, on whom the fetters of matrimony sat lightly, was her devoted slave for the evening; and her eyes received an additional portion of brilliancy, as her conquests became multiplied.

In Mr. Martindale's bosom very different were the sensations which arose on that occasion. He gazed on the beauties of his wife, and his vanity was flattered by their effect; but his heart trembled

as

as he viewed her, and the pangs of jealousy racked his soul. He endeavoured to appear regardless of the admiration he saw lavished on her; but by degrees he drew nearer to the door of the antechamber, and there waited with anxiety the hour of twelve, at which time his servants and equipage were ordered to attend.

As soon as their arrival was announced, Mr. Martindale hurried Lady Jane out of the room, and attempted to put on her cloak, which a footman had given into his hands. But Lord C—— disputed with him this office, and the rules of good breeding obliged the husband to relinquish it. Yet he could not avoid perceiving a significant look, and a squeeze of the hand, which each bestowed on the other, as Lord C—— handed Lady Jane to her carriage; and this was, to a weak mind, almost proof positive of their guilt. But in this idea he was wholly mistaken: Lord C—— had not entertained an idea beyond the amusement of the present hour, and Lady Jane
saw

saw nothing in the emaciated peer that could possibly turn her thoughts towards him on the succeeding one.

The time now arrived when every fashionable family prepared to leave town. Lady Jane had already made the acquisition of numberless acquaintance, but her heart had not selected a friend. It was almost a matter of indifference to her whither she went, and to her husband's inclinations she appeared willing to accede.

Mr. Martindale's determination was to go to Ledstone; but when she heard of its seclusion, her heart recoiled at the idea, and she requested his approbation of a prior excursion to Weymouth or Brighthelmstone. He became however absolute in his intentions; and as her father had immediately after her marriage returned to Ireland, it became necessary for her to draw some one over to her interests; necessity, rather than choice, directed her to old Mr. Martindale. He was exactly calculated for such an employment.

ployment. He had been in his younger days a general admirer of pretty women, and the charms of his new daughter-in-law lost nothing in his opinion. He perfectly agreed with her, that to transplant a large establishment into the deserts of Cornwall, would be attended with a heavy expence, besides the probability that existed of their disliking the situation, and speedily returning. Lady Jane and the old gentleman had many conversations on the subject, and agreed to expostulate warmly with Mr. Martindale, whom however they had the mortification to find *inexorable*. All they could obtain was a few days delay, and a promise that their stay in the country should not exceed six months.

C H A P. III.

IN a few days, part of Mr. Martindale's retinue set forward on their journey into the West. These consisted of her Ladyship's underwoman, who was, during this summer campaign, to act also in the capacity of house-keeper;—a French valet;—a French cook;—a running footman, and three or four more. Every thing was there in readiness for the reception of these noble and novel guests; for the castle was inhabited by an old steward and his family, whom the late Earl of Huntingdon had stationed in it; and as they had never received notice to quit the premises, they still enjoyed, in some of the rooms at the end of it, peaceable and quiet possession.

When these imitators of greatness passed through the village of Birtland, they were struck with the appearance of its humble inhabitants; who, mistaking them for their superiors, crowded forth
to

to bid them welcome. The bells, though few in number, echoed these warm plaudits of the heart; and every tenant, with uplifted eyes, prayed Heaven to bless them!

Stunned with applauses for which they were unprepared, and which they did not rightly comprehend, they answered only by a loud laugh; and arriving at the castle, where they soon made themselves known, were received with humble civility by the worthy steward, his wife, and daughter.

Mrs. Drapery could not help shuddering as she passed through the spacious hall which led to the inhabited part of the castle. The massy door closed with a tremendous noise; it resounded through the vaulted roof, and petrified her with horror. On the high arched windows of painted glass, were handed down to posterity the emblazoned arms of the newly expired title of Huntingdon; and the unwieldy armour which had formerly defended the lives of its illustrious wearers,

wearers, now hanging up and neglected, borrowed a faint light from the feeble glimmerings of the moon, scarcely seen enough to be observed through the heavy casement.

She requested to be shewn to the apartment allotted her, where she gave orders that her fellow-travellers should attend. She expressed to them the greatest disgust at every thing she saw, and the utter impossibility there was of her being ever able to accustom herself among such Hottentots. "She was sure," she said, "that all Mr. Martindale's money would be but a poor compensation, if Lady Jane was to linger away the best part of her life in such an odious retirement. She wondered how he could think of bringing an Earl's daughter to such a horrible distance from every thing alive. For HER part, she was sure SHE could not stay there, and she hoped to find that her Lady would soon be of the same opinion."

In

In less than a week, Lady Jane and Mr. Martindale arrived at Ledstone. When the loquacious Mrs. Drapery saw the butler (to whom she was by no means averse), she assured him, that if she had not been certain of HIS coming down, she could not have prevailed on herself to remain there a day after she had delivered up her charge to her Lady; for that the place was a desert, and the evening winds were so rough, that she already found her constitution DAMAGED by them; and it was become absolutely necessary for her to return to London, were it only for the benefit of her health.

Lady Jane and Mr. Martindale, who saw nothing in their new habitation otherwise than they had expected to find it, passed several days in visiting the castle and its environs. Lady Jane was particularly attentive to the narrations of the old steward, who not unfrequently rubbed his hand across his eyes, as he dwelt on the praises of his late-loved Lord. In a small closet adjoining the hall, of which

which he had entreated to keep the key, he was wont to review and admire the tattered robes in which Henry third Earl of Huntingdon sat in judgment on the trial of the charming and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. These he shewed Lady Jane, lamenting sorely the day, that, in depriving the county of its FIRST ornament, robbed HIM of his best friend — HIS ONLY BENEFACTOR.

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

THE mind of Lady Jane was by nature susceptible of tender sentiments, and of soft impressions; yet her heart was as unconscious of their primitive source, as of their subsequent consequence; and she had hitherto beheld every one with general indifference. She however possessed an immoderate degree of pride and ostentation, and was emulous to outvie all who dared aspire to equality with her; assuming a forbidding air of loftiness, which often offended the societies she lived in. But, over-ruled at length by the recollection of the more exemplary conduct of some of the amiable part of her female acquaintance in London, and elsewhere, she in some measure conquered that disagreeable HAUTEUR; and the tender and growing impulse of nature beginning to inspire her with ideas more consonant to the texture of her disposition, she became thoughtful,

thoughtful, and rather melancholy; deriving her chief pleasure from wandering in unfrequented paths, and exploring and forcing tracks through the mazy and most intricate parts of the forest, which lay at a small distance from the park.

In one of these solitary perambulations, chance had directed her steps to the ruins of a very ancient, and once capacious tower, situate on the summit of a stupendous cliff. Thence she could observe, with the help of a small telescope which she carried in her pocket, the various objects which the ocean continually presented to her view, and which with their novelty and variety together, became every day more pleasing and interesting to her fancy.

Mr. Martindale rose one morning early in the month of September, before his usual hour, to take the diversion of shooting; his game-keeper having apprized him the preceding evening of a covey of partridges which frequented a wheat-stubble near a pleasure-ground adjoining

joining the park ; not that Mr. Martindale discovered any more enjoyment in the pursuit of rural pleasures, than did his lady ; but his time hanging rather heavy on his hands, and as she did not permit him to beguile any part of it in associating with those whom her own choice had not approved, and pointed out as proper companions for him, he was obliged to seek amusement in quest of pleasures which nature had not given him either taste or inclination to enjoy.

Lady Jane had risen at her usual hour, and was preparing for breakfast, when Mr. Martindale tired of his visionary scheme of pleasure, returned heartily fatigued in the pursuit of it.

The moment they had enjoyed their early repast, Lady Jane with eager steps precipitately bent her way to her much-favoured spot ; which she had no sooner ascended, than she instantly discovered through her glass a small boat making for the shore ; and excited by curiosity, she advanced with deliberate attention
down

down the sandy beach, towards the edge of the water. As the boat approached nearer her view, she thought she perceived in it five persons, together with some casks which they had stowed, and piled up in a regular pyramid, in the stern of their little bark. The tide having recently laved, and now retired from, its beachy limits, had caused the sand under foot to be exceedingly wet; and what would have wonderfully terrified Lady Jane at any other time, and on any other occasion, now stimulated her boldly to venture on; and she walked, or rather waded, almost knee-deep in the briny ocean, till she came within reach of the floating objects which she had first discovered; but having left her glass within the tower, she could scarcely distinguish of what sex or age the persons were, until they approached nearer.

They were soon securely landed in a place where she had not been accustomed to meet with human beings (she having dedicated this deserted spot to solitude, and

and her own reflections); and the unexpected sight our mariners experienced of a beautiful and elegant female, who seemed to be lost in astonishment, could not fail to excite in them an equal degree of surprise. After some little conversation, they requested to be informed of the nearest town, or village; having come, they said, on shore for the purpose of procuring fresh water for their vessel, a small brig, bound from Greenock to London, which lay at anchor at the distance of about two leagues.

The person who chiefly addressed himself to Lady Jane, appeared to be a military man, about fifty years of age. He had a complacency of manner which indicated the gentleman; his countenance beaming that ineffable sweetness which generally bespeaks the mind at ease. This gentleman introduced to her his friend who accompanied him (the other three were sailors, busily employed in lashing the boat to the remains of what had formerly been a light-house). The dress of the latter, who was many
years

years younger, denoted him a Highlander; and the gracefulness of his mein instantly caught the attention of Lady Jane.* She invited them both to the castle, and promised to send servants thence to render their men and boat every assistance their situation required.

This proposal they thankfully accepted; and inwardly congratulated themselves on the novel and strange adventure with which chance had so far favoured them.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

ON their arrival at the castle refreshments of every kind were by Lady Jane's order set before her guests. She enquired for Mr. Martindale, but was informed by the butler that he was gone out on horseback, and had left orders to tell her ladyship that he should return to dinner by five. She apologized for his absence, and entreated them to relinquish all idea of going back to their vessel with the evening's tide; observing, that the days were now short and clouded—the nights long and dark; and she farther alleged, that their ignorance of the coast might lead them into unavoidable difficulties, and imminent dangers, which she would by no means advise them to encounter, and which would diminish with the return of day-light. She inwardly wished (but from what cause she knew not) that Mr. Martindale should see them, and approve what she had done. She felt eager to justify her
conduct

conduct to him, perhaps from a consciousness of self-created uneasiness she had never before experienced. Her fluttering heart beat high with a desire of she knew not what; and her faltering tongue seemed almost deprived of utterance, as her eyes involuntarily and constantly met those of the young and accomplished Caledonian. She wished, she said, to detain them till Mr. Martindale's return; and even when he did return, she feared the day would be too far spent for them to hazard with safety the attempt of regaining their ship:—she at last hinted to the elder gentleman, who seemed anxious to depart, the kind of impropriety there would be in their going away without seeing him. This objection had sufficient force, to counterbalance, in their minds, every other.

Having drawn from them a promise she too ardently wished, she requested their attendance in the park and gardens, whither they cheerfully consented to accompany her. In one of the walks she perceived by accident that her dress had
materially

materially suffered from her excursion on the sands; she then left her visitors to the care of the gardener, whom she directed to point out to them every object worthy their attention, and proceeded to the castle to change her clothes; desiring the gardener to re-conduct the gentlemen there, as soon as their curiosity had been sufficiently gratified.

On her ladyship's return she retired to her apartment, and ordered her woman's attendance there. The article of dress, which had been neglected since her seclusion in the country, as a matter of indifference, now became an object of importance. Mrs. Drapery was one of those accommodating abigails who are ever ready to flatter and encourage the follies and vices of their employers, and she neglected nothing on the present occasion to adorn the person of her lady; significantly adding, "With what
" pleasure her master would behold her
" ladyship at his return home, look-
" ing once more LIKE HERSELF!"

Before

Before the etiquette of dress was finally adjusted, Mr. Martindale entered the room somewhat abruptly; having been informed by the servants of his new visitors, and wishing, previous to his seeing them, to know of Lady Jane who they were, and what were the motives that had thus induced them to take up their residence in his house.

Lady Jane briefly related to her husband each circumstance; contenting herself with observing, that although she had not enquired their names, she was sure, from the little she had seen of them, that they were persons of no inferior rank: she justly remarked that the laws of hospitality were of themselves sufficient to justify the hasty zeal with which she had pressed them to wait his return. Mr. Martindale coincided with her opinion, and left her to do honour to his guests.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Drapery, finding herself emboldened by her lady's visible embarrassment (which together

gether with the attention to her dress had not escaped her), begged pardon for informing her ladyship, that she knew perfectly well who the gentlemen were, having enquired of the sailors, who had satisfied her in every respect. They were both, she said, Scots. The old gentleman, whose name was *Stuart*, had been many years Colonel of the *Mountaineers*; but had retired from the service about two years. His lady was lately dead, and the loss of her had taken such an effect on his mind, that he had resolved to travel; and a sea voyage had been particularly recommended to him, as being the most likely to recruit both his spirits and his health. The young gentleman, whose name was *Glencairn*, was distantly related to the deceased Mrs. Stuart, who had one only child, a daughter, now educating in a convent at Calais. She was to come over on their arrival in London, and to return with them. Mrs. Drapery indeed FANCIED, but it was only her own conjecture, that the Colonel had thoughts of uniting the young couple; as the young gentleman had no other

C

reason

reason for coming over, than that of keeping the Colonel company; and of returning with him to Scotland, as soon as Miss Stuart should have joined them.

Lady Jane was not so regardless as she appeared to be of the information given by her officious waiting-woman. She, however, assumed an air of composure she was doomed never more to feel, and with hasty steps joined the gentlemen below.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

COLONEL Stuart had been in the mean time equally communicative to Mr. Martindale; he had considered it as incumbent on him to introduce himself and friend to his acquaintance. Mr. Martindale, soon after Lady Jane's appearance, retired to his dressing-room, whence he sent to request her attendance for a few minutes; when he informed her, that she was not mistaken in the favourable opinion she had entertained of the strangers; and proceeded to tell her all with which Colonel Stuart had made him acquainted. She did not think it necessary to mention to him the conversation she had held with her maid; but pretended to listen with curiosity to what he related; which differed in nothing more than his silence on the subject of Miss Stuart, who she naturally concluded had not been mentioned.

Lady Jane returned to the saloon, where she surprised Glencairn drawing sounds of sweetest melody from Mr. Martindale's flute, which lay on the table. He laid it down when she appeared, but by her desire took it up again, and played once more, at Colonel Stuart's request,

I wish I was where Helen lies !

in a manner so peculiarly his own, that Lady Jane, for the first time in her life, felt the power of music over a susceptible mind. She was at that moment alive to the most tender sensations ; her soul vibrated to the touch, and she felt a pang of exquisite enthusiasm.

——He ceased ;—and her eyes more expressive than her tongue, solicited his continuance. He smiled consent, and then played

Absence ne'er shall alter me.

The words sunk deep into her heart ;
her fine eyes glistened ;—and she had but
just

time to turn them on Colonel Stuart, as Mr. Martindale entered the room.

The conversation became general, and dinner was announced. It was a domestic party, and Lady Jane being without a female friend, had no excuse to leave the room when it was over. Mr. Martindale and the Colonel entered into a long conversation; and the old warrior seeming for a moment to forget his griefs, gloried as he recounted his former exploits.

Tea, and less interesting airs on the flute beguiled the remainder of the evening; and an early supper was ordered, as our visitors were under the necessity of departing by day-break. Lady Jane gave orders that coffee should be prepared for them, and after an hour or two passed in social delight, they reciprocally bade adieu.

The Colonel expressed to Mr. Martindale his wish of meeting with him in town; but said that as he might not be

apprised of the time when the Ledstone family arrived there; and as he was ignorant also in what part of it he should fix his short abode, he begged of Mr. Martindale to take the trouble to enquire after him at the Duchesse of G----'s in St. James's Square, who would be able to ascertain whether he still remained an inhabitant of London, or was returned (which was more likely) to the sequestered mountains of Scotland.

Lady Jane had no sooner retired into her dressing-room, than she gave orders to Mrs. Drapery (who, as I before observed, now acted in the double capacity of her woman and house-keeper) to rise at a very early hour, that nothing might be wanting to complete the elegant hospitality the strangers had experienced at Ledstone. She retired to bed, but did she retire to rest?---Ah, no!---The image of Glencairn was before her; she pretended drowsiness, and in secret silence wept her cares to sleep. Mr. Martindale, fatigued by the exercise and events of the day, and unconscious of the thorns
of

of discontent which invincible LOVE had strewn over his wife's pillow,

Snor'd out the watch of night.

Lady Jane listened at day-break, but she heard nothing. All was hushed in profound silence. They had departed an hour before their appointed time: but they had not escaped the anxious vigilance of Mrs. Drapery; who fearful of offending her lady by not seeing them, and fearful also, of her own weakness should she trust herself to sleep, had prevailed on her friend the butler to pass the intermediate time with her in the house-keeper's room, over a comfortable bottle of madeira, which he was to provide from the cellar as soon as the family was retired to rest.

Mrs. Drapery, though a keen woman, was by no means destitute of female weakness; she reposed an implicit confidence in the butler, and at once informed him of her suspicions relative to her lady, and the young gentleman; who (she must observe) was of a figure to captivate any lady's heart. She did not

know (or had not sense enough to find out) that Mr. Oldson, the butler, was warmly in his master's interest; not from any rash confidence *that* hitherto insensible master had reposed in him, but from a sense of the lucrative place he enjoyed. Mr. Oldson therefore made few comments on her observations, but treasured up in his mind every circumstance that might lead hereafter to a farther ascendancy over Mr. Martindale; as he had already prevailed on him in many trivial occurrences, which had turned out in the end to his own advantage.

Soon after the bottle of madeira was exhausted, Mrs. Drapery told him she heard a noise; but she supposed it to be too early for the strangers to be thinking of their departure. She however listened, and heard it repeated; it was, she said, the sound of feet gently moving down the great stair-case. Mr. Oldson listened, but heard nothing. Mrs. Drapery still persisted that she DID hear a noise; and as she had encouraged the idea
of

of ghosts haunting the castle, she requested Mr. Oldson to accompany her up the stair-case leading from her room ; at the top of which they saw our five travellers ready to depart. Mrs. Drapery's eyes instantly fixed on those of Glencairn ; who answered them by a sign that he had something to communicate. It was easy for her to turn Mr. Oldson's attention to the other, while she privately received from his hands a guinea, and a slip of paper carefully folded and sealed. These she immediately conveyed to her pocket, while Mr. Oldson was making his bow to the Colonel, in acknowledgment of what he had from a very different motive conveyed to him.

Mrs. Drapery and Mr. Oldson saw the travellers depart, and then retired to their respective rooms. The former cautiously placed her pockets under her head, as fearful that her secret should be discovered, and by that means the confidence of her lady be lost for ever.

C H A P. VII.

IT was not difficult for Mrs. Drapery to understand the use it was intended she should make of both the objects she had received ; yet she was not sufficiently mistress of her lady's thoughts to hazard a forward avowal of her conduct in receiving them. When she attended Lady Jane in the morning, she could not avoid perceiving that she had been in tears ; and she presumed to enquire with evident symptoms of affection, *if her ladyship was unwell?* At this unexpected question, Lady Jane gave vent to her full heart, and strove not to conceal her emotion. She imprudently leaned on her woman's bosom, and, in apparent agony, asked whether the gentlemen were gone, and if she had seen them ? Mrs. Drapery told her that they were ; and that she had attended them according to her ladyship's order. She drew by degrees the letter out of her pocket, and entreated her ladyship's pardon for the liberty

liberty she took in offering it to her refusal. She assured her that she had no time to return it after it had been put into her hands; and that pity for the poor young gentleman's sorrow at his departure had afterwards induced her to secrete it, until she might see him again.

Lady Jane took the letter with seeming reluctance, and found it to contain the following words:

“ Be not offended, Madam, at the
“ presumption of a stranger, who till he
“ saw you, never dreamt of love. His
“ profound respect for your name and
“ character will condemn him to
“ misery and future silence; and he
“ would not have hazarded this liberty;
“ had he not read in your eyes an ex-
“ pression of tenderness, which they
“ have too surely, and probably too
“ fatally, conveyed to the desponding
“ heart of

“ EDWARD GLENCAIRN.”

Lady

Lady Jane trembled as she read the letter, which she immediately conveyed into her pocket, and Mrs. Drapery delighted in the success of her undertaking; for although she felt that custom, and the laws of decency, would require that she should maintain her place as a servile dependant, she from this moment considered herself the bosom friend of her lady; and exulting in what had passed, began to suppose herself the appointed and convenient confidante of every future action of her life.

From this unhappy period, she began to exert the influence she had obtained over the mind of her hitherto spotless lady; and availing herself of an advantage common to low minds, did not fail NOW AND THEN to remind her, by a gentle hint, that she was in her power. Lady Jane's youth, and ignorance of the world, induced her to be silent where she might have been allowed to complain; but her timid soul was apprehensive of the injurious construction her husband might put on the adventure, and she resolved

resolved to suffer in silence. She had no wish, no intention to deceive him; yet she sighed as she reflected on the merits of Glencairn, whom she despaired of seeing more.

We will now return to our mariners. They had a tedious and rather perilous passage to London, where they landed in three weeks. Colonel Stuart's first care was to dispatch a messenger to a mercantile house in the city, whither his letters were addressed. He received one from Miss Stuart, earnestly requesting him to go to her. She informed him that her health had been for some months gradually declining; but that she had hitherto avoided mentioning that circumstance to him, waiting till she heard of his arrival in London; alledging, that she was sufficiently acquainted with his feelings, to be convinced that had he known her situation sooner, he would have hastened his journey from Scotland, probably to the prejudice both of his health and convenience.

Colonel

Colonel Stuart had not seen his daughter since her mother's death, as she had been near four years at Calais. He spoke of her seldom; but his thoughts often dwelt with rapture on the idea of once more folding his treasure to his heart, and retracing in her growing features the resemblance of his lost and lamented wife! Alas! what were the sensations he experienced at the perusal of her fatal letter! It was a deep stab to his wounded mind, and it became necessary for him to call religion and reason to his aid, to prevent him from immediately sinking under the weight of it.

All that friendship could suggest---all that the most tender sympathy could invent, were on this trying occasion warmly exerted by the amiable Glencairn towards his unhappy friend. He urged the possibility of Miss Stuart's being too easily alarmed about herself; that the melancholy inseparable from a monastic life had probably induced her to give way to ideas which derived their principal origin from her seclusion;---that
the

the most effectual means to be employed towards promoting her recovery, were to amuse her mind; which had scarcely begun to unfold itself, ere the event of her mother's death, and her father's subsequent correspondence, stamped an impression on it, that time, and a more suitable way of life, would be (in *his* opinion) alone capable to efface.

The voice of consolation insensibly gained upon the Colonel; his misfortunes grew lighter as he listened to the advice of his friend; his heart in a few hours recovered in some measure its former serenity; and instead of wasting time in deploring the evil that threatened him, he endeavoured to avert it by hastening to join and cherish her, who, since the death of his wife, seemed doubly entitled to his care and protection.

C H A P. VIII.

NOTHING material occurred during their journey to Calais; but Glencairn, to whom every object was new, was surprised at the different scenes that presented themselves. Often, however, did his imagination retrace the image of Lady Jane Martindale; she was the first woman he had ever beheld with emotion, and her expressive looks had taught him to believe that he was not indifferent to her. He lamented both the cause and its effect, that had, by preventing their continuing in London, deprived him of being presented at the Duchess of G——'s, where he could obtain the only chance of the Colonel's hearing of, or seeing Mr. Martindale. But these reflections he was obliged to conceal; they remained with his secret buried in his heart, and he was under too many obligations to the Colonel not to endeavour (at least) to suppress them.

When

When they landed at Calais, and had reached Monfieur Deffin's hotel there, Colonel Stuart found himself fatigued and agitated by his journey. He requested Glencairn to go immediately to the convent, with a note from him to the superior, desiring her to send Miss Stuart, with the bearer, his friend. Glencairn had formerly seen her; but it was during those days of infancy on either side, that had left but few traces behind them. He delivered his letter at the gate of the convent, and was conducted to the parlour, on one side of which, was a large grate; and on the other side, a curtain that was drawn. In a few minutes it was removed, and presented to his view a form that nature had taken pride in adorning.

Miss Stuart (for it was herself) was the most finished picture of human perfection. She raised her blue eyes as he addressed her, and politely requesting him to wait a few minutes, disappeared to put herself in readiness to accompany him.

She

She soon rejoined him in the parlour, and they proceeded on foot to the hotel. She accepted his arm, and he perceived with extreme sorrow that she had scarcely sufficient strength to proceed. Yet she did not once complain, but passed the short time in making a thousand tender enquiries about her father.

The meeting between them was highly affecting; they were equally sensible of the changes each other's looks had experienced, yet neither dared to acknowledge that they perceived any alteration. It was but too evident that Miss Stuart was in the early stage of a consumption, which appeared to be fast hastening this beautiful blossom to a premature decay. It was soon determined that she should immediately leave the convent; that the next morning her expences should be paid there, and her clothes taken away; and that they should allow themselves a few days repose at Calais, before they fixed on any plan their inclinations might for the present lead them to pursue.

Miss

Miss Stuart had contracted an intimacy in the convent with a Miss Beaumont, a young lady of French extraction, and somewhat older than herself. The very slender fortune she was to inherit, had induced her parents to persuade her to take the veil, to which she was perfectly reconciled. Having lived in the convent since she was six years old, she had not a wish to see the world, but had partly resolved to enter on her noviciate the following year.

Miss Stuart called there the next morning, and took leave of her friend. They agreed to correspond during the remainder of their lives, and that no interesting circumstance should occur to the one, with which the other should not become acquainted.

Our travellers had been near a week at Calais, and Colonel Stuart thought it time to fix their departure. But whither were they to go? He wished, for his own gratification, to return home; but he thought it would be, at that time, a
wrong

wrong measure to adopt on his daughter's account. For this he had a double motive: Winter was setting in, and he naturally conceived that the keen blasts of the North would have too powerful an influence over her delicate and affected frame. He feared also, from the exquisite sensibility he perceived her to possess, that she might receive a fatal blow to her peace, when, on her return to her first home, every object which appeared there would remind her of its lost ornament, her mother!—The Colonel had, since her death, found a melancholy pleasure in arranging every thing at Allan-Bank for her reception. All that had belonged to Mrs. Stuart, he had collected carefully for her daughter; but he had no idea of the faded form he was to meet; he had seen her a healthy, though delicate girl; and he naturally expected to find in her improved understanding, and formerly lively disposition, the companion best suited to sooth the anguish of his mind, whenever he reflected on the virtues of that incomparable wife of which the grave had robbed him!

In

In the evening, when Miss Stuart had retired to her apartment, the Colonel rang for another bottle of Monsieur Dessim's best Burgundy, and imparted to Glencairn his reflections of the day. He observed, that having nothing to consult but their respective inclinations, he had entertained an idea of their travelling South; that he thought his beloved Mary's health required change of air, and he conceived it possible THAT of Italy might restore it. She would also derive many advantages from such a TOUR, that were not to be met with in Scotland. It would afford her a fine opportunity of improving herself in music, of which she was passionately fond; and she would by travelling gain a sufficient knowledge of the world, to conquer that awkward bashfulness, which gave her a childish air of simplicity, and which it would be necessary for her to overcome before she presided at his house, of which, alas! she was now become sole mistress. Glencairn could not with any propriety appear to disapprove this scheme, and nothing remained

mained but to obtain Miss Stuart's approbation (of which they could have no doubt); and that obtained, they resolved to quit Calais, and pass through Provence to Nice.

Miss Stuart was, as they expected, pleased with the proposal; and nothing was wanting to complete the satisfaction of the party, but a more cheerful acquiescence on the part of Glencairn, who vainly endeavoured to forget his predilection for Lady Jane Martindale. He experienced an inquietude hitherto unknown to him, when he reflected on the impossibility there now was of his communicating to her his sentiments, and the knowledge of his situation. He dared not hazard writing to her by the post; and though the sailors had told him Mrs. Drapery's name, his respect and delicacy forbade his addressing himself to her. He was forced therefore for the present to relinquish all hope of seeing, hearing of, or writing to her;
and

and he felt the force of Rochefoucault's just observation, that

Absence lessens small passions, and encreases great ones.

For he never loved Lady Jane so PASSIONATELY as at this moment, while he despaired of ever seeing her more.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

THE next day was employed in preparations for their departure ; and on the ensuing morning they began their journey in a berline the Colonel had purchased of Monsieur Dessin. They were attended only by a French servant who had travelled all his life, spoke a little English, and whom Dessin had recommended.

I shall pass over every natural incident that occurred to them, and observe only that they reached Nice soon after the time they had calculated to do so; when, after passing a few days at the hotel, they hired by the month an elegant villa in its environs.

The Colonel had procured letters of credit on the English banker there, and they were all alike charmed with their new situation. Their servant Louis had been there frequently, and was become their *Proveditore-Generale*. Miss Stuart
hired

hired a maid for herself, by name Josephine, which, with an Italian cook, compleated their family.

Colonel Stuart was an independent, though not a rich man. His income had never been involved, and it produced him from five to six hundred pounds a year. He had no one to provide for but his daughter.

With his protégé Glencairn it was otherwise. He was an orphan, without a friend in the world but the Colonel, who (having been many years intimate with his deceased father, distantly related to Mrs. Stuart, and who was a younger brother of high birth, whose fortune perished with his life) had adopted this *child of love*, and promised never to desert him. He adhered to his word, and was sufficiently prepossessed in favour of his young ward, to wish that a future attachment might take place between him and his daughter, that his fortune might by their marriage equally devolve on both. With this view, he had spared no pains

D

to

to cultivate the mind of the young Edward, who repaid his tender care with all that filial duty and sincere affection could bestow.

It was with this young couple, as with all our untravelled islanders, whose extent of European knowledge carries them no farther than the boundaries of England; every object beyond Dover becoming a matter of wonder. Thus it was with our North Britons. Miss Stuart and Glencairn were lost in astonishment at every new scene which presented itself to their view, and they seemed to fancy themselves inhabitants of another world. They were left almost entirely to themselves; for Colonel Stuart was a man of such strict honour, and had withal so much family-pride, that he believed it impossible they should derogate from either: his only apprehension was, that neither possessed sufficient confidence to explain those mutual sentiments which he thought must be inseparable from both. In this opinion he was not altogether mistaken. Their time passed away in
innocent

innocent delight; and Miss Stuart's health beginning visibly to mend, they amused themselves in visiting every curiosity with which the charming country they were now become inhabitants of, abounded.

In the vicinity of Nice, innumerable were the picturesque scenes which met their ravished eyes. How beautiful do the maritime Alps appear, as they rise from the ocean! from whence ascending by gentle degrees, they form a superb amphitheatre, bounded by Mont-albano, projecting into the sea, and over-hanging the town. On the other side, where prospects less stupendous allure the eye, how charming do the richly cultivated plains appear, while they present to the view the vines, the citrons, the oranges, the bergamots, and every luxury which Earth can furnish to her inhabitants!—The gardens, which are during the winter months equally profuse of the sweetest flowers, convinced them, that in that terrestrial paradise the Lord of all had been peculiarly bounteous, and that to be happy it was necessary only to forget

every disappointment that had hitherto awaited them in this sublunary world.

But how vain is every endeavour to command the feelings of the human heart!—They rise superior to controul, and if they reign at all, they reign with tyranny. Glencairn must have been *more* than mortal, *less* than man, could he have resided under the same roof with the all fascinating Mary, without feeling the power of her improving charms. He was not blind to them, but often in secrecy lamented his wayward destiny, which seemed determined in spite of every opposition to separate them through life. An idea, prior to his seeing Mary, had taken full possession of him. He had beheld Lady Jane Martindale, and his heart had vowed to her everlasting love. He even cherished the certainty of her husband's not being IMMORTAL; and he conceived it possible for a time to arrive, nay, he even believed it to be not far distant, when he might return to England, and claim her as his own.

How

How visionary is every scheme of future bliss, and how precarious are the wishes of man!—He builds his *hope* on a shadow; and scarcely has he time to admire the fabric his imagination has raised, ere it vanishes, and his dream of happiness at once disappears!

C H A P. X.

WE will now return to Ledstone, where nothing material occurred during the summer and autumn months, more than has been mentioned. Lady Jane and Mr. Martindale lived peaceably together, seldom contradicting each other, but particularly agreeing on one point, that of looking forward with pleasure to the destined time of their return to London. Lady Jane sometimes, indeed, recollected Glencairn; but those emotions she had experienced at first seeing him, had subsided into a languid indifference, and her thoughts became every day more devoted to the idea of the pleasures she should enjoy in the gay metropolis. She did not however neglect at times visiting her favourite spot; but it was now winter, and the coldness of the weather prevented her sitting there as formerly, watching the bosom of the deep.

She

She was one morning returning from it, and near the house, when she perceived Mr. Martindale coming towards her with a letter in his hand. His countenance bore the visible marks of discontent. He took her arm within his; and slightly observing that he had something unpleasant to communicate, but without mentioning of what nature, they proceeded to the library, where, without hesitation, he read to her the letter. It was from his father. It first contained a few vague enquiries after them, and then informed them, that being at length tired of a single life, he had resolved to marry a second time. He had partly, he said, fixed his choice. The lady (he observed) was not of a distinguished family, neither did she possess a brilliant fortune; but she had many good qualities, and he had no doubt of the approbation she would meet with from his son and daughter, to whom he hoped in a few months to introduce her as his wife. He neither mentioned her name, her age, nor her person; and of these, various were the opinions they entertained. Mr. Martindale highly respected

his father, and dreaded seeing him the dupe of what he naturally supposed to be (from the caution observed in the letter) an indiscreet engagement. Another motive too, and in some breasts it would have been a more powerful one than it was in that of Mr. Martindale, was *self-interest*. The old gentleman had, on the death of his wife, settled all his landed property on his son; but he had a great deal of ready money; five thousand pounds of which he had given him on his marriage, besides his mother's jointure of two thousand pounds a year, which was, in case of Lady Jane's surviving him, to be her portion for life. He had been indeed particularly liberal on that occasion, having presented Lady Jane with the late Mrs. Martindale's jewels, which were of considerable value, and he had purchased every thing for them, such as equipages, plate, &c.

It was impossible they could foresee with pleasure an union which would divide, if it did not wholly alienate, the affections of Mr. Martindale from his family.

family. After they had consulted together for some time on the subject, they agreed to set out for London with all convenient expedition. Mr. Martindale answered his father's letter, but in terms almost as equivocal as his own. He expressed some surprise at the half confidence reposed in him, and concluded by wishing him every happiness in whatever situation he might hereafter find himself; but he did not give the most distant hint of his intention of going to town, which was in hopes, if it were not already too late, to frustrate the old gentleman's present intentions.

As they had no house there, they were on their arrival obliged to put up at an hotel; and had on that account left all their servants, excepting Mrs. Drapery and the butler, at Ledstone. They had not been there many minutes, before Mr. Martindale sent for a hackney-coach, and went to his father's house in the city. But how great was his astonishment, when, on knocking at the door, a footman in an unknown livery appeared at it, and informed him, that the house was

now in possession of another family; Mr. Martindale having been married about a month, and that he resided in Devonshire Place!

Mr. Martindale smothered as much as possible his indignation and surprise. He directed the coachman to return to the hotel, and gave himself up to his reflections on this first instance of duplicity in his father; for it was evident to him, that he was actually married at the time he wrote to him; and that the ceremony must have been performed in a very private manner, not a single news-paper having announced it.

When he returned to Lady Jane, and informed her what had passed, he had the satisfaction to find that her feelings were perfectly congenial with his own: she persuaded him to wait till the next day for farther intelligence; and amidst a thousand conjectures—apprehensions—and uncertainties—they passed the evening, and retired early to rest.

C H A P. XI.

MR. James Martindale, at a seasonable hour, dispatched his own servant with a dutiful, yet cool billet of congratulation to his father, requesting to know at what hour he might be permitted to wait on him.

Though it was but just two o'clock when the valet was sent on his errand, he found the crowd of servants and carriages so great at Mr. Martindale's door, that it had more the appearance of the Exhibition at Somerset-House, than of belonging to a citizen.

It was some minutes before he could prevail on one of the footmen to carry up the note he was intrusted with. After waiting a considerable time for an answer, a verbal one was brought him by another powdered coxcomb, which was simply Mr. Martindale's compliments, and that he would call at the hotel within an hour.

Lady

Lady Jane was standing at one of the windows of it about four o'clock, when a sumptuous vis-à-vis stopped at the door. Mr. Martindale was sitting by the fire-side, reading a new pamphlet, when Lady Jane's precipitate exclamation, of "Good God! this cannot be your father!" instantly drew him towards her. They thought they recognized his features, though disguised under a small wig, made to look like his own hair; which gave so great an alteration to his countenance, that it was impossible for them at the first moment to ascertain whether or no it was really him they saw. They were however soon convinced, as he hobbled out of his carriage supported by two servants in yellow and silver liveries: the plain blue and buff, which had been the family standard of many years, was to all appearance discarded, with the brown bob of former and more respectable days.

Mr. Martindale received the congratulations of his son and daughter with much seeming pleasure; and apologized with

with rather a disconcerted air for the secrecy he had observed towards them; alledging as his reason for it, the apprehensions he had entertained of their disapproving his marriage; to which however he was very certain no reasonable objection could be stated, unless it was that of a disparity of years; Mrs. Martindale being extremely young, and extremely handsome. He was commissioned by her, he said, to say a thousand kind things to them both; and to assure them of her regret at finding herself engaged not only for that day, but for the succeeding one; but she hoped they would not refuse her the favour of their company to supper that night at twelve, after the opera, where she was going. To this they assented, more from curiosity than inclination, and the old bridegroom took his leave.

Mr. Martindale, in going down the stair-case with his father, enquired the former name of his mother-in-law; but received a very laconic answer, that it was *Harvey*; of a family of the North
of

of England, with which he could not possibly be acquainted.

He returned, and sat down in fullen silence; but Lady Jane laughed. She had no envy in her composition, and was prepared to admire the superior beauties of Mrs. Martindale, without a wish to outvie them, or to find them any way inferior to the old gentleman's description.

At the appointed hour they went to Devonshire-Place. Mrs. Martindale was but just returned home, having lounged, she said, longer than she intended in the saloon of the opera-house.

If her visitors were struck with the beauty of her person (than which nothing could be more captivating), they were not less so with the dazzling splendour of her dress. A rich gold muslin, made into a Circassian robe, with a turban of white crape, ornamented with a profusion of diamonds, gave her the appearance of an eastern princess; but there was an air
of

of levity in her manner, that instantly caught the attention of young Mr. Martindale; who had scarcely beheld her, ere his heart formed a wish that no violent intimacy might in future take place between her and his wife. The more he saw of this youthful bride (whose appearance did not bespeak her age to be more than seventeen), the less he liked her; and while he drew her into a conversation, in which he perceived that her ignorance and self-sufficiency were predominant, he pleased himself on the comparison he could not avoid making between her, and the less beautiful, but more lovely and unadorned Lady Jane; who having, since the small portion of knowledge she had obtained of her heart, lost a considerable share of that pride which had ever been her greatest foible, was become infinitely more interesting to society, and more amiable in the eyes of her husband. In HER was blended all that increasing sensibility could bestow on an intelligent mind. Polite without flattery, she every day gained on the esteem of those who knew her. Mrs. Martindale, by endeavouring

vouring to appear the woman of fashion, for which she was never intended, was at times even vulgar; and her obscure origin was not counterbalanced by the graces of her mind. Nature had been, it is true, profusely lavish on her person; but her disposition was avaricious and mean. She disliked Lady Jane's superior birth, but she had cunning to dissemble; and endeavoured to flatter her into a belief, that she had never seen any woman with whom she so much longed to cultivate a friendship, as herself.

We will now take leave of this family party for the night; they parted, not without a voluntary offer from Mrs. Martindale to break off all acquaintance with those of her society whom Lady Jane might not approve. I will next inform my readers who was Mrs. Martindale; which, together with the little sketch I have drawn of her disposition, will in some measure enable them to account for the tenor of her future conduct; at least, if they think as I do, that a low mind never attains any degree of excellence,

lence, however the person may be exalted. The heart when *good* is incorruptible, however the mind may be overruled by the force of custom and of example: but when both these are bad, the stain is indelible, and can never be expunged.

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

MRS. Martindale was one of the many children of a respectable tradesman in Newcastle, and on a visit to her elder sister, married to a corn-factor in the city, when Mr. Martindale first saw her. He soon became enamoured; for his heart was not sufficiently frozen by age, to be able to withstand the renovating influence of youth and beauty. The idea, however, of marrying her, or any other woman, did not once occur to him. The sister, who was artful and designing, perceived his inclinations, and determined to turn his weakness to the advantage of her family. She invited, or rather forced him into all their parties; and finding, after a few weeks, that he did not make any overtures towards her sister's establishment, she told him with much apparent concern, that she found her sister's character had suffered materially from his constant attendance on her; that she had lost by it a very eligible marriage; the
gentleman

gentleman (who was a young officer) having withdrawn his addressee in consequence of it, and that it was become necessary for him to disclose his intentions, of whatever nature they might be.

This was a trial for which the old gentleman was not prepared. He hesitated, as undetermined what to answer; till on being told that there was no alternative between his marrying Miss Harvey, or seeing her no more, he was weak enough to wipe the tears from his eyes, and in half-broken sentences, extorted by FEAR, as well as LOVE, he promised to offer her his hand. In less than half an hour he had consented to fall into the snare that was laid for him. The family desired the engagement might be kept secret, in order to avoid, they said, the ill-natured sarcasms and reflections the world would cast upon his age: but the truth was, they dreaded the advice of all his REAL FRIENDS, and hurried him into a promise of hasty marriage, without allowing him time to consider what he had to expect from its future consequences.

Having

Having been thus prevailed on without difficulty, he thought of nothing but his intended bride. He was profuse in his presents to her; and on her mentioning that she thought the city air inimical to her health, he dispatched an agent, of her sister's recommending, in pursuit of a house at the west end of the town. This trusty and well-chosen ambassador made choice of the one in Devonshire-Place; and so exactly did he answer the confidence reposed in him, that he actually made, in Mr. Martindale's name, an agreement for the purchase of it; so that no farther trouble was imposed on the old gentleman, than to sign the bonds which were two days afterwards put into his hands. It is true that he ONCE accompanied the ladies to look at it; but was there a fault that he could possibly find with a house fit for the reception of any nobleman's family? Could any house be too good for Miss Harvey? Could any expenditure that lay within the compass of Mr. Martindale's drafts, be extravagant?

The

The furniture of his house in the city was to be the next consideration. There was not enough of it, neither was it sufficiently modern to be transplanted into Devonshire Place. The most fashionable upholsterer in town was therefore immediately applied to, and directed to change it as his fancy directed. He was to be allowed one thousand pounds, over and above the value of what he took from the city; and of which he, as the most fashionable, and consequently the most conscientious tradesman, was to be sole appraiser. That furniture was not, as I observed, suited to the present taste, but it was costly in the extreme; and was equally good, though not equally ornamental, in the inferior as in the best apartments. The late Mrs. Martindale's dressing-room was fitted up in the most expensive manner; innumerable were the rich ornaments it contained; the beautiful inlaid and Indian cabinets, the tall mandarins, and fine China jars, were not the most remarkable. The boxes belonging to her toilette were, like those of the rich, but narrow-minded Lady S——, of
silver

silver inlaid with rubies; the bird-cages were of silver wire, and every article displayed *grandeur*, if not (according to modern ideas) *elegance*. Some of these Miss Harvey wished to preserve; till a gentle hint from her sister reminded her, that as they had been the property of the late Mrs. Martindale, who had doubtless set a value on them beyond their intrinsic worth, it was probable that, if they were in *her* possession, her son might wish to obtain them for Lady Jane to keep in remembrance of her. Nothing therefore was to be given into his hands, but a large portrait of his mother, with which he was to be favoured on his return to town; Miss Harvey MODESTLY observing, that, conscious of her own unworthiness, she should fear a rival in that picture whenever Mr. Martindale looked at it, as he would naturally draw a comparison between his two wives, which could not fail to be an unfortunate one to herself.

The house was soon ready; the jewels, wedding clothes; and equipages, soon bought; and nothing remained but to fix
the

the happy day, which soon arrived. But the one previous to it was marked by a little event, which it may not be unnecessary to mention in the next chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

ON the morning preceding the day that was to make Mr. Martindale the happiest or most miserable of men, he perceived that an unusual gloom overspread the fine countenance of his destined bride. He pressed her hand to his lips, and entreated to be informed of the cause. She burst into tears, and suddenly withdrew, leaving him and her sister together.

From HER, he anxiously prayed to know the meaning of so sudden, so alarming a change; tenderly enquiring if he had left any thing undone by which it was possible for him to prove still farther the extent of his affection. The emotion too visible on every feature of his face, and the eagerness with which he conjured her to explain in what he had offended, forced at length, from this TENDER relation, the avowal of a conversation her sister had held with her; which

which amounted to nothing more than a childish idea that had entered her head; a kind of fear, that if she was wretched enough to survive Mr. Martindale, his son, unmindful of his father's tenderness, might divest her of all *his* goodness had lavished on her. He might possibly in the end turn her out of her house, and take possession of it, as his heir. It was not (she was very sure) from any mercenary motive that her sister had encouraged this thought; it was that of a young girl fond of magnificence as a child of a new toy, and like that, fearful of losing it. This was a sufficient hint for the too generous and too credulous Mr. Martindale; he sent immediately for his attorney; and gave him instructions to draw up a marriage settlement, by which he gave her the house in Devonshire Place, with all its appendages; together with all the ready money he should die possessed of, stocks, dividends, &c. &c. &c. allotting only one thousand pounds of it as a legacy to Mr. Martindale, or Lady Jane if she survived him; his landed property
having

having been, as I before said, already settled on his son.

In a few hours all was signed, sealed, and delivered; and he expressed his gratitude at being told how to remove the imaginary grief that had for a moment been suffered to prey on HER, to whose happiness he was determined to devote the remainder of his existence.

The next morning the sun shone resplendent on the nuptials of Mr. Martindale. They were solemnized as agreed on in a private manner; and in the evening he conducted his bride to HER OWN house in Devonshire Place.

They had been there about a month, when Lady Jane and Mr. Martindale arrived in town. Mrs. Martindale had already formed the acquaintance of almost every fashionable family there. For, as I have read in scripture, *Wherever the honey is, there will the flies be also*, so is an open house, a sumptuous equipage, and all the other appendages of wealth, the sure

sure passport to an intimacy with the whole world. Innate virtue is no recommendation; nor is any other requisite necessary to support the appearance of it, than the acquiescence of a husband to the conduct of his wife. However his delicacy may be wounded—however his feelings may be hurt by her failings—let him but continue to live with her in a routine of extravagant dissipation, and the feeble voice of slander will be drowned in the loud plaudits of the world. But, if HE forsakes her, though she be “as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,” she shall not escape the torrent of calumny, which will inevitably overwhelm her reputation. A woman’s fame depends less on her own character, than it does on that of her husband. If he discards her, the world will also, without enquiring why he has done so.—She will look for friends, but she will never find them. The gay companions of youthful pleasures will shrink from distress, as from a pestilence; and she will woefully experience, that the fine day, *Flattery*, will not stay to assist the weary in a cloudy night. Alas! HER

day will soon set in darkness—her breaking heart will be overwhelmed by the storms of adversity, until in some obscure corner of the earth she dies unknown—unpitied—and unlamented!

CHAP.

C H A P. XIV.

MRS. Martindale soon gained a complete ascendancy over her doting husband, which was strengthened by her apparent attachment to Lady Jane, who continued to be so great a favourite with him, that her sanction seemed necessary to every thing she undertook. She had art enough to twist herself round the heart of that lady, who reposed in her an unlimited confidence, and they became inseparable. They met with universal admiration; but their manners were so different, that the admirer of the one was seldom that of the other. Mrs. Martindale's beauty and levity attracted the notice of all the gay men, while Lady Jane's increasing sensibility gave her an air of *froideur*, that forbade them every hope of encouragement.

Mr. Martindale, senior, though extravagant in the gratification of his wife's pleasures, was not wholly unmindful

of his son's interests. He purchased a small house for him in Argyle Street, to which he was prompted by his wife.

Lady Jane believed her to be only the artless, giddy girl she appeared. Little did she suspect the snake she was fostering in her bosom, which waited only with envenomed rancour to sting her beyond the reach of human remedies.

Among the crowd of fluctuating admirers that paid their devotions at the shrine of beauty, Lord Darnley was the most conspicuous for his attentions to Mrs. Martindale. He was lately married to a very young lady, whose large fortune had been in part appropriated to the payment of his lordship's early debts. He was fond of his wife, yet not sufficiently so to lay any embargo on his inclinations whenever they led him to indulge a momentary caprice.

He considered Mrs. Martindale an easy conquest, which, when once obtained, would be soon forgotten. With this view
he

he laid close siege to her at every public place she frequented; nor did she give his lordship any reason to doubt the success of his enterprise. Vanity was her ruling passion, and to that she was ever ready to sacrifice every moral consideration. Lady Jane either did not, or would not perceive this growing intimacy; she conceived Mrs. Martindale's levity to be her best security against any attachment of the heart, and she felt no alarms on her account.

Lord Darnley was rather an elegant than a handsome man. Perfectly versed in every lesson of LOVE, he had seldom met with a denial where he had once taken the pains to ingratiate himself. He was at this time busily employed in raising a regiment of light dragoons for the service of his country; and a desire of rendering himself conspicuous according with his notions of patriotism, he spared no expence to complete it. Seldom a day passed in which his emissaries did not inveigle new victims to satiate the rapacious thirst of ruthless war! His lordship,
equally

equally a candidate for the fields of Mars and of Venus, divided his time between both. His morning hours were devoted to the misery and ruin of many poor and worthy families; his evening ones to the more pleasing amusement of endeavouring to seduce the affections of any woman, to whom he might wish for the moment to render himself agreeable. Not that I mean to infer, that Lord Darnley was a bad man, he was only a fashionable one. Nursed in the lap of luxury by a most indulgent mother, his earliest wishes had not been left ungratified. He had been returned from the continent about two years, where his extravagance was so unbounded, that it became necessary to recall him; and he had been married, one year, to the amiable lady before mentioned.

Mrs. Martindale was elated by Lord Darnley's attention to her. Her eyes sought him every where, and he perceived it; nor was it long before an opportunity offered, that, in making him master of her person, banished the slender

der

der impressi^on she had made on his mind! He met with little or no resistance when he hinted at a private assignation; which being fixed, and effected at the house of her convenient milliner, passed without suspicion among her attendants.

Lord Darnley was no sooner a happy lover, than he was a fatiated one. He had never seen any woman but Lady Darnley for whom he had conceived a sentiment beyond that of momentary passion; and had she not been his wife, it is most probable that in her alone, all his inclinations would have centered; but how strange is, it that every thing loses a portion of its value from the moment we have an indisputable claim on it! The virtuous Lady Darnley, who had not a particle of coquetry in her disposition, had married the man of her choice, nor had she a wish equal to that of pleasing him. We might be led to suppose from the remark I have just made (and from that only), that had he been more steady in his conduct towards her, she might have been more indifferent. She knew

that he had errors, but she did not know the extent of them; and she fondly hoped, that her unremitting attention to his happiness, and constant propriety of conduct, would at length overcome them. She knew Lady Jane, and Mrs. Martindale, by report only; her approaching confinement, which she expected every hour, keeping her constantly at home, without other society than her mother, who was come for the first time in her life to London, for the purpose of attending her at that trying moment.

When the newspapers announced Lady Darnley's delivery, Mrs. Martindale pleased herself with the idea of monopolizing his lordship's constant attendance; and having mentioned to her husband the polite attentions that Lady Jane and herself had received from him, signified her intention of sending him a card for the next evening she should receive company, and of introducing his lordship to his acquaintance. To this no objection could be made, and Mrs. Martindale took an early opportunity of dispatching invitations to
several

several of her acquaintance, among whom Lord Darnley was not forgotten.

Lady Jane, who had no suspicion of what had passed, and who really liked Lord Darnley, though she had not particularly appeared to do so, was glad of this opportunity of bringing Mr. James Martindale acquainted with him also; and of becoming by these means known to Lady Darnley, when her confinement should be over.

Mrs. Martindale's assembly was brilliant in the extreme; for she had been very particular on that occasion, and had herself selected from her visiting-book, such names as stood foremost in the gaudy catalogue of rank.

At the appointed hour, she saw her rooms fill to her heart's satisfaction, but in vain she looked for Lord Darnley!—She grew inattentive to her visitors, walked successively thro' the rooms, and looked continually at her watch, which she fancied lost *time*. She could not ac-
count

count for his absence. It was on his account she had that evening assembled all that was most fashionable in town, and had studied to raise her consequence by the selection of her company; yet he was the only person who did not appear. At eleven, the party began to disperse; the duchess of G—— and her lovely daughters were just taking their leave, when Lord Darnley was announced.

The sudden appearance of the sun breaking through the thick clouds of a misty morning, could not convey a more genial warmth to the dew-damp traveller, than did the sight of Lord Darnley to Mrs. Martindale; her eyes brightened as she led him towards Mr. Martindale, who received him with the utmost politeness. But the electrical shock of mortification instantly succeeded, when, in a voice scarcely articulate, he enquired for Lady Jane. There was an air of sorrow and confusion in his countenance, that it was not possible for her to misconstrue. Mrs. Martindale had more pride than love; and with a haughty sneer turning hastily from him,

him, she informed his lordship, that she had last seen Lady Jane at cards in the adjoining room. He immediately went there. The party had just broke up, and she was standing near the door (waiting for Mr. Martindale, who was gone to enquire for the carriage), when Lord Darnley approached her. He took her hand, with a freedom she had never observed in him, and in a faltering voice whispered—OH LADY JANE, IN YOU I HOPE TO FIND A FRIEND!—Struck at his appearance, which indicated a sensibility of which she had not hitherto supposed him capable, she eagerly asked, what could have thus affected him? The tears rushed into his eyes, and he could only say “Lady Darnley”—as Mr. Martindale informed her their carriage was up. She returned hastily to wish Mrs. Martindale good-night; introduced Mr. James Martindale to Lord Darnley, who handed her into it, and they parted for the night.

CHAP. XV.

LORD Darnley did not return up stairs, but desiring that his servants might be called, threw himself into the carriage, and ordered it home. His heart was affected, and for once he sacrificed the rules of politeness to its feelings. When he arrived there, he flew to Lady Darnley's apartment, without having spoken to any one; but alas! little did he expect the scene that awaited him! He knocked gently at the door, fearful of disturbing her repose: but receiving no answer, he opened it. The curtains were all undrawn. On one side of the bed, he saw her mother grasping her hands; on the other, the nurse was chafing her temple with hartshorn;—but she, alas, was gone for ever!—A moment convinced him of the fatal truth; the next that succeeded it, deprived him of his senses.

It was on the ninth day after Lady Darnley's delivery of her first child. Some unfavourable

unfavourable symptoms had appeared in the morning, but they were not sufficiently so to alarm the physicians, or nurse, of any immediate danger. Yet a fatal presentiment had taken possession of Lord Darnley from the first hour since her lying-in; and this was strengthened by some oblique, yet gentle hints that had been given him by the angel of purity herself; who had unfortunately stopped her carriage one morning by accident at the door of Mrs. Martindale's milliner, where she bought some things, and gave a card, with orders that others should be sent to her. The officious Frenchwoman told her, that she was sure she must be beholden to Lord Darnley, or Mrs. Martindale, for the honour of her ladyship's custom, as she was that lady's milliner, and had frequently seen his lordship at her house.

I do not believe that this French milliner (or indeed any other milliner) could plead ignorance in such a situation. She could not suppose that Lord Darnley (whose name had been mentioned to her
by

by Mrs. Martindale) had met that lady there secretly, and in a private room, for any good purpose. No. But the discovery of the intrigue to Lady Darnley might prove in the end beneficial to her, and she was not of a nature to reflect on the delicate feelings of *a woman of honour*. These, were therefore to be sacrificed to her own mercenary and barbarous disposition; and she planted a thorn in the breast of that spotless lady; it festered there, and was her companion to the grave.

Lady Darnley had a few days after the birth of her child, which was a daughter, most earnestly implored her lord to promise her that he would never neglect this only pledge of their love. She conjured him to cherish her for her mother's sake; as she had imbibed, she said a strange idea, that her FIRST child would be also her LAST. She gently added (squeezing his hand, and convulsed almost with agony as she spoke), that she hoped he would in future point out to her a better example than the Mrs. Martindale whom she had
never

never seen; but of whom she had heard MORE than she thought proper to reveal to him, till after her recovery. Lord Darnley with truth declared, that he had never been in Mrs. Martindale's house; that he had only formed a slight acquaintance with her at different public places; but he did not mention the French milliner, nor any other circumstance that could tend to corroborate their intimacy.

On the day that he received Mrs. Martindale's card, he was half inclined to shew it Lady Darnley; but her weak health and spirits prevented him. Yet he had no just ground to suspect her approaching dissolution. Her physicians had not, as I said, even hinted at danger; and if his mind was painfully awake to the apprehension of it, he could impute it only to those fears which a timid superstition, and not reality, had induced him to give way to. He told her that he was engaged to an assembly that evening, but he did not say where; and his acquaintance was so numerous, that without the help of the milliner, or some of her confederates,

federates, Lady Darnley could not have suspected it to be at Mrs. Martindale's: she however DID suspect it, and received private intelligence of that lady's house being open the same evening, and that Lord Darnley's carriage made one of the number at her door.

When the messenger who was sent to enquire into the truth of this unwelcome news returned from executing his commission, Lady Darnley insisted on seeing him; nor could the tender entreaties of her mother prevent her from diving into the truth. Her disorder (inseparable from her situation) had that day taken a turn, and marked her death as certain; she received the information of it with all the fortitude that a mind already wafted to heaven could experience. She desired that Lord Darnley might be immediately sent for; and her footman, eager to obey the orders of his much-loved lady, hastened on the wings of anxiety to meet his lord. But when he reached Devonshire Place, he heard only that he had been there for a very short time, and was returned.

turned. Lord Darnley was at home a few minutes before his servant; but it was already too late for him to catch the expiring breath of his lovely, his virtuous, his already fainted wife!

His grief became unbounded; he kissed her pale lips, and invoked the God of Heaven to witness the integrity of his heart!—He had been guilty of errors, he felt he had, of fatal ones; but little did he imagine what would be their dreadful consequences; for, in the first paroxysms of phrensy, he condemned himself as being the sole author of her death. He ordered his little girl to be brought into the room, and kissed her with an enthusiastic and fervent affection. He joined her little face to that of her senseless mother; and pointed out each resembling feature. It was a solemn, an awful scene; and he was at length forced out of the room; his expressions of grief becoming so violent, as to threaten with injury his own health.

Lord

Lord Darnley would not be told, nor suffer himself to reflect, that an over delicate constitution had soon surrendered itself to a malady, which was so powerful as to baffle every effort of art. To this was to be imputed Lady Darnley's early death. His feeling heart taught him first to consider his own misconduct; and he alternately upbraided his child, and himself, as the authors of their irreparable loss.

C H A P. XVI.

M R S. Martindale seldom or ever took up a newspaper; and a cold (of which she made the most) had confined her for some days at home; during which she did not see Lady Jane, who was gone to pass a week at Oxford, on a visit to one of Mr. Martindale's brother collegians.

On the evening of their return, they went to Devonshire Place, and staid supper. Mrs. Martindale appointed two o'clock the next day to call on Lady Jane, as they were to go together to bespeak dresses for the ensuing masquerade.

When Mrs. Martindale arrived in Argyle Street, she found Lady Jane in tears; who told her that Mr. Martindale was just gone out to enquire into the truth of a paragraph they had observed in *The World*, which mentioned Lady Darnley's death. They did not however wait his return, but stepped into the carriage as soon

soon as it arrived, ordering the coachman to drive slowly towards Cavendish Square; and to stop, if he saw his master. At the entrance of it, they were met by a hearse, adorned with white plumes and escutcheons, and followed by many coaches and weeping attendants. The footman's enquiries were answered by the name of *Lady Darnley*.

Lady Jane let down the fore-glass, and ordered the coachman to return; but Mrs. Martindale desired that he might first proceed to Donnelly's in Tavistock Street; having no idea, she said, of being disappointed of her masquerade dress, because Lady Darnley (a woman whom she had never seen) was dead. Lady Jane endeavoured as much as possible to conceal her grief; fearing to express even a sentiment of pity, lest it should be construed into one of love, for a man for whom she had hitherto felt nothing more than a sisterly affection; but whose present misfortune was in itself sufficient to interest a heart possessed of less exquisite feelings than her own.

Mrs.

Mrs. Martindale ordered a Turkish habit. Lady Jane did not order any thing. She should be contented, she said, to appear as an humble attendant on the fair Grecian, not having at that time spirits to encounter the wit of the different characters she should meet with there.

They returned to Argyle Street, and parted at the door. Mr. Martindale was at home, expecting Lady Jane. He perceived her melancholy, and enquired its cause. She candidly told him, that Lady Darnley's sudden death, and the funeral which she had met, had uncommonly affected her. She was engaged, she said, to a party going that evening to the Duchess of G——'s, but she found herself unequal to it, and was going to send a card of apology. This she did, and they passed the remainder of the day in a domestic, but not a very cheerful tête-à-tête.

The next morning, while Mr. Martindale was out, a servant of Lord Darnley brought a note from him to Lady Jane, requesting

requesting that he might be permitted to wait on her for a few minutes, if she was alone and disengaged. His situation precluded the possibility of a denial, had she not even wished to see him. There is an undescrivable pleasure attendant only on minds susceptible of fine feelings, in listening to a tale of woe, and sympathizing with the pathetic narrator. Lord Darnley, the happy and the acknowledged admirer of Mrs. Martindale, had not excited in Lady Jane any alarming sensation; but Lord Darnley miserable, and selecting HER as a friend in his misfortunes, might become a dangerous companion.

In less than half hour, Lord Darnley was in Argyle Street. Lady Jane gave orders that no person should be admitted, and was almost equally affected with himself. He took this opportunity to unbosom himself to her. He said, that whatever might be the sentiments of his heart towards her, he considered that in his present situation, and her own, an avowal of them would be a violation of decency both to themselves and to the memory

mory of the dear departed, who was then only on the road to her quiet home!—But the intercourse of friendship was not to be prohibited, and he felt THAT of Lady Jane was necessary for the preservation of his existence; which he valued only for the sake of the hapless infant that had survived its mother. He then lamented in the most affecting manner the fatal error of a moment, that had tempted him to bestow a thought on the DIS-SIPATED, the UNPRINCIPLED *Mrs. Marsindale*!—(Here Lady Jane gazed on him with astonishment.)—He hoped, he said, that her generous heart would instruct her to pardon a connection into which he had been inadvertently drawn, at the same time that (he could not help owning it) she alone was the object of his respect and admiration; and that it would teach her to feel for a man who had now a claim on her pity, but who had hitherto deserved her utmost contempt. He then told her of the conversation he had held with Lady Darnley, soon after her lying-in, and among the number of his confessions, the French milliner was not forgotten.

Lady Jane was too much confused by what she had heard, to know in what manner to reply to him. She had too high an opinion of his *honour* to doubt his *word*; yet she could not have supposed that Mrs. Martindale would have carried her imprudence beyond what she had conceived to be an unmeaning levity. Yet how necessary did it appear to her at this moment for an entire explanation to take place, when Lord Darnley implored her pardon for having dared to surmise that she had been the confidante of that vile woman; who had not scrupled to declare to him, that Lady Jane had admitted more than one favoured lover; but that her regard and pity for both Mr. Martindales had prevented her hitherto divulging what in the course of time could not fail to be publicly known

Lady Jane could not without the most poignant emotion hear that her fair fame had been traduced; and by the woman too who should have been the first to defend it. How cruel, how desperate was her condition! for, while Lord Darnley
was

was speaking, she recollected having observed that several of her female acquaintance had latterly behaved towards her with uncommon reserve, although no one had been friendly enough to intimate in what she had offended. But she had not suffered it at the time to make any great impression on her ; as she was perfectly conscious of her innocence, and attributed it only to some trivial cause, with which she might possibly hereafter become acquainted.

But now she felt mortified indeed ! She found that Lord Darnley had been the FIRST person prejudiced against her, and she could have wished it to be the reverse. In HIS eyes, she wanted to appear perfect. She knew not how to exculpate herself from calumnies so atrocious, nor how to convince Lord Darnley of the falsehood of her accuser. She entreated his lordship to make allowances for the agitation into which his discourse had thrown her, as an apology for the little she could at that moment urge in her justification ; she requested his advice how

to act, and inwardly resolved, let what would be the consequence, to abide by it. She begged he would direct her how to proceed in a matter of such importance to the peace of the whole family; observing that she was too inexperienced to judge for herself; and that in consequence of the avowal he had made, she conceived him to be the only person who was able (or who indeed might be willing) to advise her.

He told her, that he saw no alternative between a separation taking place among them all, or her eternal silence on the subject. He begged for God's sake that she would not expose herself to farther insults and mortifications; but that she would suffer herself to be wholly advised by him, and continue to live as before: at the same time he exacted a promise from her, that she would immediately acquaint him by letter, should any new manœuvres of Mrs. Martindale's intervene, to render the discovery of her treachery unavoidable.

Lady

Lady Jane promised faithfully to adhere to all he said; he then entreated her to honour his little girl sometimes with her attention. He was going he said to let his house in Cavendish Square, and to send her with her nurse to that of a gardener at Liffon-Green, near Paddington, in whose wife he could confide. She was to remain there some time, as he was going out of town the next day, to pass a few months at the head quarters of his regiment. He then arose to take his leave of Lady Jane; gave her the child's direction; and respectfully, but precipitately withdrew.

Lady Jane was no sooner alone, than she gave vent to her oppressed heart. But Lord Darnley had enjoined on her the hardest task possible to a generous mind, that of dissimulation, and she saw herself for the first time obliged to practise it. She was compelled therefore to command her feelings, and to endeavour to compose her appearance. Her heart was to become the sole repository of those cares, which, alas! she had not a friend to divide.

When Mr. Martindale returned home, he ironically asked Lady Jane, whom she had seen?—She mentioned Lord Darnley's visit, but in her confusion omitted telling him of his request that she would sometimes see his child. He observed that her eyes were red with weeping; but how, he said, could it be otherwise, while she made Lord Darnley's griefs her own? She began to excuse herself; he scarcely deigned to answer her, and withdrew to his apartment.

Several weeks passed without any change taking place. Lady Jane often pondered on the extraordinary confession that had been made her; but she strictly fulfilled her promise, and buried her secret within her aching breast. She even endeavoured as far as it was possible to banish the remembrance of it. She never even hinted to Mrs. Martindale, that she suspected her misconduct; and judging from the purity of her own heart, she wished, rather than she hoped, that it might be the last failing of which she should be ever able to accuse her. She
was

was even so generous in her sentiments, as in THAT ERROR of Mrs. Martindale's to find an excuse for her cruelty towards herself. She knew that it was impossible for so young and so beautiful a woman to be fond of a husband who was old enough to be her grandfather; and she was convinced that it proceeded solely from a jealousy that had arisen in consequence of the love she bore Lord Darnley. The more she reflected on HIS advantages, the less she wondered at the choice Mrs. Martindale had made.

C H A P. XVII.

MR. Martindale became overbearing, and was at times even insolent to Lady Jane. She was no longer in his opinion the amiable *Contrast* to Mrs. Martindale; he conceived her virtues to diminish, and her beauties to decay. Yet he was the only one who suspected either, or who had at least dared to say so. I should indeed except Mrs. Martindale; who not only viewed her with the eye of hatred, but who also became indefatigable in her endeavours to poison the mind both of the old gentleman and his son against her. Yet she took her measures so artfully, that Lady Jane had no reason to suppose she ever held any private conversation with them about her.

They were one evening at the Duchess of G——'s, and Lady Jane was particularly struck with the appearance of a young lady, who never ceased to look at her. She enquired her name, and found
that

that it was *Miss Stuart*. She requested another lady to introduce them to each other, and particularly asked after the Colonel. She would have added another name to his, but her resolution forsook her. A farther acquaintance was mutually proposed, and accepted, and Mr. Martindale waited on Colonel Stuart, at his lodgings in Cumberland-street, the next day. But he did not condescend to inform Lady Jane at his return of what had passed there, neither did he once mention the name of *Glencairn*.

In a few days Lady Jane paid a morning visit to Miss Stuart, having left a card there the preceding evening. She was admitted, and found that lovely girl sitting at a frame for embroidery. Glencairn was reading to her, and the Colonel was examining different charts which lay on the table. Lady Jane coloured. Glencairn was visibly agitated, and instantly turning to the Colonel, solicited him to walk out; to which the other assenting, they soon disappeared.

Miss Stuart, with the freedom of youth and innocence, gave Lady Jane a long account of her travels, which were, she said, pathetically ended by her witnessing the solemn scene of her friend Miss Beaumont's renunciation of this life, to pursue, according to her own ideas, the surest road to happiness in the next.

They were talking over this, and other matters, when the postman's knock announced letters; and a servant delivered one to Miss Stuart, which Lady Jane entreated her to read without ceremony. She said it was from Miss Beaumont (whose name was changed to mother Saint Etienne), congratulating herself and family on their safe return to England, and lamenting the probability that existed of her seeing them no more. She read it throughout; and then gave it to Lady Jane, requesting her to peruse that charming specimen of female friendship and letter-writing. In it, the following passage fixed all her attention:

“ The

“The only point, my dear Miss Stuart,
“on which we could ever disagree
“during our long residence together in
“this peaceful convent, was that of my
“seclusion from the world. When I
“declared to you that my resolution was
“fixed on taking the veil, how many
“dangerous objections did you not hold
“out to me, in hopes to alter the settled
“purpose of my heart! You invited
“me to live with you, and most tenderly
“assured me, that no future change in
“your situation should be able to effect
“one in your sentiments towards me.
“Nor was this the only allurements you
“placed before me. Alas! you employed
“a more dangerous one still, by endeavouring
“to unite the duties of religion and worldly affection. You
“went so far as to assure me, that my
“sacrifice would be acceptable to God
“himself; who, you say, sent us into
“this world for the benefit of society;
“so that we have no more right to abstract
“ourselves from it, than we have
“to lay down our life when we are
“weary of it. The world, you told me,
“abounds

“ abounds with pure and social delights;
“ but they can be only enjoyed by those
“ who hold an intercourse with it. Yet
“ have you not sometimes, my dear
“ friend, inadvertently owned to me
“ that you are not happy?—And if you,
“ formed by nature for all its blessings,
“ are not so, how can you imagine that
“ I, a stranger even in idea, should be
“ willing to renounce for it a way of
“ life that I have been taught to believe
“ is preferable to every other? You
“ went so far as to assure me, that your
“ heart has made its choice, and unfor-
“ tunately fixed itself where it has no
“ hope of return. That the only man
“ to whom you could wish to unite
“ yourself is, as you have every reason
“ to believe, attached elsewhere; and
“ that you suspect, from the hints he
“ has given, that the object of his love
“ is—*married!*

“ Would not this idea, my dear Miss
“ Stuart, rather frighten a young novice
“ from the world, than encourage her
“ to enter it?—I have read of love,
“ though

“ though I never felt its influence ; and
“ I am thankful that I have neither the
“ inclination nor the power to add one
“ to its numberless victims.”

Lady Jane perused this part of the letter with particular emotion ; she too surely guessed that it alluded to Glencairn and herself, of which she was fully convinced when Miss Stuart asked her *What she thought of Glencairn?* This question, which might not have passed for singular, had it not been accompanied with an uneasy air of constraint that denoted an over anxious curiosity, suffused Lady Jane's countenance with conscious blushes, that did not escape the penetrating eyes of Miss Stuart. Each had spoken sufficiently plain to be understood by the other, that neither was satisfied. Lady Jane's silence and visible embarrassment were as expressive as could be the most eloquent language. The letter had thrown them into a state of uneasy perplexity ; it had disturbed their peace, and was from that moment the subject to both of many painful reflections.

Lady

Lady Jane frequently met Glencairn ; and she could not perceive without emotion, and sorrow, the tender languor that clouded his fine countenance ; considering, as she did, that his attachment to *her* was the sole cause of it. Her heart seemed divided between him and Lord Darnley. She was unconscious of giving the preference to either, and she indulged the pure sentiments of innocent affection for both. Mrs. Martindale was continually fabricating tales to her disadvantage ; she represented Lord Darnley to her acquaintance as an unprincipled libertine, who had taken an advantage of the introduction she had given him in her house, and had endeavoured by hints too plain to be misconstrued, to seduce her affections from it. She sincerely wished, she said, that Lady Jane might not be deceived in the more favourable opinion she had formed of him ; for she intimated that her ladyship entertained a very high one. Mrs. Martindale did not openly inveigh against her, for that might have led to a conviction of the truth ; but she wounded her under the

the

the mask of apparent regard ; and while she flattered and caressed her, she murdered her repose, and meditated her final destruction.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

THESE ladies continued to be as much together as formerly, and time appeared to have almost obliterated the remembrance of Lord Darnley, when a circumstance interfered, that was laudable in its cause, but most pernicious in its effect. Lady Jane had as I before observed) neglected mentioning to her husband the promise she had made him, of sometimes visiting his daughter. Her time had indeed been so much taken up with other engagements, that she had not yet found a leisure hour to attend to it. She however one morning felt a strong inclination to see the child; ordered the carriage, and went to Paddington. She found the little cherub looking perfectly well, and staid with it above an hour. She then desired the nurse would make Miss Darnley, and herself, ready to accompany her; that she would take them for an airing a little farther on the road, and set them down on her return.

They

They had not proceeded half a mile, before they were met by Mrs. Martindale's carriage, who was in it, with her old man. They both stopped; and Mrs. Martindale, giving a significant look at her husband, observed, *How extremely odd it was, that they should meet by accident on the same road.* Her eyes were instantly directed to the nurse and child; and both of them appearing in deep mourning, did not leave a doubt who they were. She proposed their returning in Lady Jane's coach, and sending back their own; which was complied with. Her motive for doing this, was to discover where the child lived. But in that she was disappointed; Lady Jane having determined at that moment to take it to Argyle-street. She therefore ordered the coachman to drive there, telling the nurse she would send them safe back in the evening.

As soon as she returned home, she sent the nurse into the Steward's room, and, taking the child in her arms, went into Mr. Martindale's dressing-room, and begged leave to introduce a stranger to
his

his acquaintance, the infant daughter of Lord Darnley. She said this with a visible confusion, which arose in consequence of feeling herself obliged to relate the circumstance of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Martindale, without which it was possible for him to surmise that he would not have been informed of her visit. He took but little notice of the smiling girl, who was in the evening reconducted with her nurse, to the place of their destination.

C H A P. XIX.

THE gentle Miss Stuart became every day more attached to Glencairn, while Mr. Courtenay, an intimate acquaintance of her father's, was as passionately in love with her. Mr. Courtenay was a gentleman of Ireland, of considerable fortune, but descended from an obscure family, and many years older than Miss Stuart. Yet such was the nature of Mary, that these disadvantages, had even the want of money been annexed to them, would have been no impediment to her union with him, had her father wished it, and her affections been disengaged. But she cherished the flatterer, Hope. She believed all that it suggested, and she really thought that she should yet see the day, when Glencairn would renounce his attachment, of which she was no longer uncertain as to the object. Alas! the roses began once more to fade on her lovely cheek; her spirits gradually forsook her; and her father, perceiving both, at length

length tenderly questioned her. He mentioned Glencairn, and entreated to be informed of the situation of her mind, respecting him.

Miss Stuart's heart reposed on the bosom of this indulgent father; she acknowledged to him her attachment for Glencairn; but she assured him, that she possessed too much pride ever to suffer that attachment to overcome her reason. She had observed an indifference in his manner towards her, that had considerably augmented since their return to England; and she was determined rather to sacrifice her peace for ever, than to consent, were he even to urge it, to owe the happiness of being his, to a sentiment of pity only, with which she might inspire him. Glencairn's heart was, she was well assured, devoted to another. She did not wish to disavow that *he* alone would ever remain the object of her most fervent affections; but she would never owe the gratification of indulging them to the chance that deprived him of possessing that more fortunate woman, and to a sentiment

sentiment that must render her acceptance of him despicable in her own eyes, and still more so in her father's.

Sentiments such as these could not fail to strengthen in Colonel Stuart, that opinion of his lovely daughter, which had hitherto fallen little short of adoration. He coincided in all she said, and gloried in the accomplishment of his wishes. For what wish could be so dear to him, as that of seeing his Mary, though struggling with strong passions, heroic enough to subdue them? He pressed her to his bosom, and assured her, that he preferred her happiness to every worldly consideration; but that there was *one* beyond the limits of this life, which hung heavy on his mind. He alluded to the period of his own existence, which from the course of nature, and his now habitual complaints, was not likely to be prolonged many years. To see his Mary settled, was to ensure a happy termination of his days; to leave her without a protector, would embitter his last moments, the approach of which he wished to meet without

without a pang, as they hastened him to a re-union with her angelic mother !

As he uttered the last sentence, the tears quivered in his expressive eyes, and gently forced their passage down his venerable cheeks. Mary felt the weight of his argument, but could not command resolution enough to say she would accept the thrice-proffered hand of Mr. Courtenay : she conjured the Colonel never to mention the subject of their conversation to any one ; and she still hoped, she said, that she might be at length enabled to eradicate from her mind those ideas which she had hitherto so rashly and so fondly entertained. But she did not tell him ALL she thought ; her heart had made its election, and she knew that every endeavour would be vain to contend against it. She inwardly determined to cherish the remembrance of Glencairn, and, leaving the chance of their future union to himself, she in secret resolved never to enter into an engagement that might on her side impede it.

It

It was impossible for Glencairn to be ignorant of the attachment he had inspired, neither did he attempt to appear so. He deeply lamented it, and, with a candour seldom practised among elegant young men, he assured Colonel Stuart that his friendship for the lovely Mary exceeded even the bounds of brotherly love. He wished, he said, for the sake of his own peace, and he believed he might without vanity include that of Mary also, that his heart had not been entangled in a fatal attachment, from whence he was never likely to derive a hope of happiness; he added, that he had too delicate a sense of honour to offer her his hand, while he had not a heart to bestow with it. Miss Stuart, he justly observed, merited the first offerings of the purest. How could he propose to make her wretched, by endeavouring to unite her to a man who had it not in his power to forget another; and for whom his love was so criminal, that at the same time he owned it to his friend, he felt a degree of remorse at least equal to it?

Colonel

Colonel Stuart sincerely pitied, and endeavoured to soothe him, for he too had once felt the force of an irresistible attachment. He proposed their immediately returning to Scotland, where time, distance from the beloved object, and the growing affections of Mary, might possibly lead him to a recovery of his reason. "Alas," replied Glencairn, "how can
" I expect the continuance of your too
" generous regard? Were I to return
" with you to that seat of innocence and
" virtue, should I not insult the feelings
" of your angelic daughter? Should I
" not carry with me there the wound
" that *Lady Jane Martindale* has made
" in my peace?—Yes, my dear Sir, you
" are entitled to my confidence, and you
" shall wholly possess it. It was *she* who
" first inspired me with love; to *her* I am
" determined to devote my existence;
" and for her sake alone, I will forego
" the happiness that flattering fortune has
" placed within my view. I will bid an
" everlasting adieu to the all-fascinating
" Mary: I will pray to Heaven that she
" may fix her choice on a more fortunate
" man;

“ man; and that she may forget, yes,
“ for ever forget, the one who now
“ relinquishes, because he feels himself
“ unworthy of her.”

Colonel Stuart listened with astonishment to the confession he had heard; and when he reflected that Glencairn's sole dependence was on himself, his heart was filled with the fondest esteem for his character. Souls, he said, such as those of Glencairn and his daughter, were surely paired in heaven. Earthly vicissitudes might for a time separate, but never could wholly disunite them; and his mind, sanguine as Mary's, still prefigured a certainty of future felicity. But, from Glencairn, nothing could be at present expected. When Colonel Stuart saw that he was bent in following his fate, he insisted, in token of their mutual friendship, as well as of the tender regard he bore to the memory of his deceased father, that he should accept from him a small annuity of one hundred pounds; and he extorted from him a promise, that should he perceive any alteration in

his sentiments respecting Lady Jane Martindale, that he would return to him as his son. To spare the delicacy of Mary, it was necessary to invent some plausible story; and they agreed to inform her, that unforeseen business relative to a friend in Scotland (whom they named) would detain Glencairn longer in London, than it would be convenient for the Colonel to stay there. She received the intelligence with less surprise than they expected, and her father signified to her his intention of returning to Allanbank the week following.

On the evening before they were to set out, they all appeared alike affected at their approaching separation. Glencairn knew too well his influence over the heart of Mary, not to dread that her feelings would be overpowered by it; and he mentioned as by chance to the Colonel, before her, that he hoped to join them in Scotland within a month. While he spoke, he cast a side-look at Miss Stuart; he saw her colour change, and the tears which she vainly endeavour-
ed

ed to suppress, run down her cheeks. He hastily called for a candle; pretended a drowsiness he was never farther from feeling, and rose to take his leave. He kissed Miss Stuart with the most fervent affection; pressed the Colonel's hand to his heart; and a tear fell on it: he softly articulated the word *farewell*—and retired to his bed-chamber, where he threw himself on the sofa, and indulged the effusions of a heart torn by anguish and despair.

CHAP. XX.

GLENCAIRN remained near an hour in this state of agonizing reflection, and was at length roused from it by hearing Colonel Stuart and his daughter retire to their apartments. He had been reflecting seriously on his present situation, and on every thing that had passed; but above all, on the fatherly tenderness he had ever experienced from Colonel Stuart, and the recent proof of it; on the sincere affection of his lovely daughter;—on the situation of Lady Jane Martindale—*a married woman!*—on the dissipated course of life she led;—the cold indifference with which she appeared to receive his last visit;—and the hints that had been given him, which gained ground every day, and appeared to taint the purity of her character. All these considerations darted like a ray of light on his bewildered mind, and he formed the RESOLUTION to throw himself at the same moment at Colonel Stuart's feet, and to implore from
him

him the hand of his daughter. It was a sudden and a violent decision, that admitted not of reflection. He dreaded to meet with opposition from his heart, should he consult it; he was no stranger to its weakness, and he felt that it required all his fortitude to enable him to accomplish his present purpose. Fired by the momentary impulse, he went to the door of Colonel Stuart's apartment, and gently knocking there, requested admission, and attention to what he had to communicate.

The Colonel was not in bed; he had just risen from his knees, where it was his nightly custom to prostrate himself before his God, in fervent meditation. He was somewhat surprised at seeing Glencairn, who had not yet begun to undress, and who, apologizing for his intrusion, proceeded to supplicate that he might find in him the tender advocate, not the inflexible judge.

He then told him that the purport of his nocturnal visit was to implore once

more his farther protection and advice. He begged that he would assist him to follow his own example, and point out to him the path of rectitude which should direct him to shun the dangerous practices of a world he had already reason to suppose a deceitful one. He assured him, that he had seriously pondered on the sentiments of his heart, and was convinced that on the exertions of his reason his future happiness depended. He was now determined to pursue that line of conduct that would be most pleasing to his friend and benefactor, and was come to entreat his permission to return with him to Scotland; where he doubted not but reason would soon teach him to overcome a mad attachment, of which he had seen the folly, and was therefore resolved to subdue.

Colonel Stuart learned with rapture this happy assurance of his pupil's return to virtue; and so indulgent was this excellent man to those failings he had never known, that he would have considered himself the author of his destruction,

tion, had he not accepted his proffered repentance. How many virtuous minds are destroyed by the want of this indulgence! and how much more laudable is it in a parent, or a friend, to draw a veil over the faults of youth, than to expose them in the face of day, and, instead of diminishing, augment them by their unkindness! What a contrast to those characters is such a man as Colonel Stuart! He might be justly described as possessing a thousand virtues, without a single fault; or, if he HAD a fault, it proceeded from the unbounded benevolence of his heart, which taught him to view mankind in general with an eye of affection, of which few were deserving. But though he had experienced like others the poisonous effects of ingratitude, he had not yet learned to think ill even of those who had proved themselves unworthy of having known him. His house, his heart, and his purse, were alike extended to all; and it was fortunate for himself, and his family, that he was a stranger in the gay world, where he must have inevitably fallen a prey to the designing. His way
of

of life was suited to his situation and circumstances, and that life was spent in doing good.

It is no wonder, then, that Glencairn, who possessed his most tender regard, should not meet with any difficulty in persuading him of the stability of his inclinations. They parted for the night under the most comfortable sensations; the one, satisfied that he had acted up to his duty; the other, that he had saved a generous mind from perdition. Colonel Stuart fancied that he had snatched Glencairn from the edge of a precipice; and Glencairn fancied that he had subdued every blameable propensity—Alas, poor human nature!

C H A P. XXI.

WHEN Miss Stuart rose in the morning, she was surprized that Glencairn was to accompany them. Her heart rejoiced, as she interpreted this change in his intentions to the impossibility he found of leaving her. Their journey was a pleasant one ; it was wholly undisturbed by care or regret, for she had left nothing in London that could tempt her to wish ever to return there. But her sensibility was painfully tried, when she first beheld Allanbank. The old house-keeper, who had lived there ever since the Colonel's marriage, welcomed her home with unfeigned joy. She conducted her towards the apartment that had been formerly her late mistress's ; but when they approached the door of it, Miss Stuart gave a faint shriek, and fainted in her arms. The worthy Mrs. M'Kenzie was alarmed, but would not open the ill-closed wounds of her venerable master's heart, by making him witness a scene that she knew would

be only momentary. She returned to the room where she had left the gentlemen, and giving an expressive look at Glencairn, he instantly followed her. She conducted him up stairs, where they found Miss Stuart attended by a housemaid, and beginning to recover. Glencairn flew to support her with the tenderest care. She raised her fine eyes, first to Heaven, as if to invoke the sainted spirit of her mother, and then turned them with ineffable sweetness upon him; he felt all that she would express, and his feelings were worked up to the highest pitch of grateful enthusiasm. He involuntarily dropped on one knee before her, and taking her hand in his, he supplicated the Almighty to strengthen him in his resolution, that he would never, never forsake her! He arose when he had uttered this prayer. It came from the inmost recesses of his heart, and had been pronounced in too awful a manner for him to retract it; neither would he have done so at that moment, for the possession of Lady Jane Martindale herself.

Miss

Miss Stuart had heard the blessed sound ; it sunk from her ear to her heart ; she received, and cherished it there, as an old friend whom she had been long expecting, and who was at length returned to forsake her no more.

She was now enabled to look over her apartment with more composure. Her piano-forte had been placed there by the Colonel's order, that she might be reconciled to the sight of it. Glencairn went for his flute, and they passed an hour in that happy harmony proceeding from the union of souls. When alone, Glencairn took the opportunity of offering his heart and hand to Mary. With what modest joy did she accept the tender assurances of both ! She longed to rush into her father's arms, and tell him of her promised felicity ; but virgin delicacy laid a restraint on her inclinations, and she left to Glencairn the blessed task of making him happy ; for she well knew that his heart, like her own, had been long set on their union. He was not less
anxious

anxious than herself to impart their conversation to the Colonel, which he did not however find an opportunity of doing, till after Miss Stuart had left them for the night.

Colonel Stuart received the declaration with an air of reserve that surprized Glencairn, and filled him with confusion. He desired that he would allow himself time to reflect seriously on the nature of the solemn engagement into which he so suddenly and so lightly appeared to wish to enter. He considered it, he said, a duty incumbent on him to admonish them both, and to exhort them to do nothing rashly; and how could he avoid believing that Glencairn only deceived himself in his present ideas, when little more than a week had elapsed since he had in the most ingenuous manner acknowledged his inviolable attachment to Lady Jane Martindale? How was he to reconcile such inconsistencies?—He added, that he had too high an opinion of the mind he had taken pride and pleasure

to adorn, to imagine for a moment that self-interest would have the power to bias one of his actions ; at the same time he owned that his daughter was in that point worthy his attention ; and if he doubted his love for her, it proceeded from a fear that he did not know himself sufficiently to be able to answer for his future conduct towards her throughout life.

Glencairn endeavoured to wave these seeming objections. He could not, he said, disavow his first inclination, but he had (at least he thought he had) subdued it. They parted with a promise from the Colonel, that in the conversation he should have with Miss Stuart on the subject, he would not say any thing that might tend to impede their mutual happiness. Indeed the Colonel knew enough of his daughter's sentiments to be convinced, that although nothing could alter her love for Glencairn, were he once to exert his parental authority, and forbid her to marry him, she would obey him, though at the certain expense of her happiness,

pinefs, and the probable one of her life.

Colonel Stuart, the next morning, when breakfast was over, requested his daughter's attendance in his study, where they remained a considerable time, during which Glencairn did not find his situation of suspense perfectly comfortable. He was at length relieved from it by their appearance, and he perceived that they had both been in tears. The Colonel took a hand of each of his children (as he was wont to call them), and joining them, he with humid eyes bestowed on each his blessing. He could not say much, for his heart was full, but he desired that their marriage might take place in two months from that time; some necessary arrangement with respect to his fortune being indispensable previous to that event. Glencairn saluted the blushing Mary; they mutually embraced, and thanked the Colonel, and the day was spent as may be supposed from these virtuous minds, each deriving comfort from the happiness of the other.

Nothing

Nothing appeared to be wanting at Allanbank to complete the extent of human felicity. Miss Stuart became more interesting as she was more beloved; for though Glencairn was conscious that he should not lead her to the altar with that enthusiastic passion that borders on madness, and which seldom lasts long, his esteem for, and his opinion of her augmented daily; and Colonel Stuart's winter of life which had been hurried on by grief more than age, appeared on this occasion to be impeded in its progress by a renovating spring. They had few visitors at Allanbank; some poor Scotch lairds were their principal neighbours, who having never gone beyond the Highlands, were so ignorant and uninformed, that their society was rather courted through benevolence, than disclaimed through pride. It was the intention of the family to pass some of the next winter months at Edinburgh. The Colonel had a numerous acquaintance there in Mrs. Stuart's lifetime; but since he had lost her, and was separated from his daughter, he neglected every worldly

worldly concern. They would not however find it difficult to meet with society, whenever they visited that charming city; for their virtues secured them friends, wherever they appeared.

C H A P. XXII.

I HAVE already observed, that the conduct of Mr. Martindale towards Lady Jane was wholly altered. A visible coolness had taken place, and her ears were perpetually assailed by the enumeration of Mrs. Martindale's virtues. Whatever she said, was a law both to her husband and his son, and Lady Jane's life became more insupportable, as her sensibility acquired more strength. She had latterly contracted an intimacy with the two Miss Fieldings, daughters to the late Admiral of that name. They had been intimates of Lady Darnley. The eldest was remarkably accomplished; she was almost unrivalled on the harpsichord, and seemed to possess a soul capable of the most refined sentiments. Lady Jane was very partial to this young lady, who appeared to be greatly affected by her situation. She frequently mentioned her dislike to Mrs. Martindale; and though Lady Jane had strictly avoided even hinting at her misconduct

misconduct with Lord Darnley, Miss Fielding gave her reason to suppose that she was not ignorant of it.

It was now Lent; and Miss Fielding was very constant in her attendance at the Oratorios. She had one evening solicited Lady Jane's company in her box at Drury-Lane, who had latterly seldom gone into public, but was tempted to accept the invitation, as Giornovich, whom she had never seen, was to play there. She had heard much of that charming performer, but found that report, so lavish in his praise, was yet unequal to convey a just idea of his merit. It was *The Messiah* that was performed; and at the end of the third part of it, that divine musician, with an enchanting harmony that can be equalled only in heaven, varied the plaintive *lullaby* in a manner so exquisitely pathetic, as to draw tears from the feeling heart of Lady Jane. She took out her pencil, when it was over, and wrote on the back of a letter the following extempore lines:

Seraphic

Seraphic strains the tender feelings move,
And Musick melts the soul to heav'n-born love!
Thy powers, oh Giornovich! inspire the breast,
And give the wounded mind a transient rest;
But, while thy notes impassion'd bosoms please,
They find the cure still worse than the disease;
For ev'ry time those sounds seraphic cease,
They leave a new invader of my peace!

She had just finished the first effort of her poetical talent, which she intended to correct at leisure, and was conveying hastily to her pocket, when the box door opened, and Lord Darnley made his unexpected appearance. He bowed with infinite grace to the Miss Fieldings, darted a contemptuous look on Mrs. Martindale (who had obtruded herself on the party, from a very slight invitation), and with more apparent pleasure than prudence smiled on Lady Jane, and seated himself immediately behind her. He told her, he had been in town but a few hours; that he had first visited THEIR little charge, and then called in Argyle-Street; but hearing from her servants that she was gone to Drury-Lane, he had taken the liberty to follow her there.

Mrs.

Mrs. Martindale who was pretending to adjust her handkerchief, did not lose a word of this speech; but said, loud enough to be heard in the next box, That now one impediment was removed, on his lordship's side, she thought the other might be easily accomplished; for she was pretty sure that young Mr. Martindale would not have much objection to see his name added to the list of happy husbands in Doctors Commons. This was too gross an insult to be patiently endured; but Lord Darnley, however confused, was too well-bred a man to re-criminate. Lady Jane faintly asked her what she meant; and pleading the excessive heat of the house as an excuse for leaving the Miss Fieldings, requested Lord Darnley (who was the only gentleman in the box) to see her to her carriage, where she insisted, however reluctantly, on his taking his leave.

Mr. Martindale was already in bed, and she was obliged to defer speaking to him till morning. Mrs. Drapery informed her, that Lord Darnley had been there, but,

but, on finding her ladyship was out, had requested to see her woman. That she went to the coach door, and he asked her many questions about the state of the family; telling her, "That he would do
" handsomely by her, if she would keep
" his secret, which was, to tell her lady,
" that in consequence of letters he had
" received from town, which mentioned
" the disagreeable situation into which
" her ladyship was thrown by the ma-
" chinations of Mrs. Martindale, he was
" arrived, fully determined to protect
" her with his life."

Oldson, the butler, had watched this interview; and whether jealousy of Mrs. Drapery, or some other suspicion, arose in his mind, I know not; but he insisted on her telling him all that had passed. Nay, he was so resolved on knowing it, that he even threatened Mrs. Drapery to retract his promise of marriage to her, if she did not immediately confess every thing to him. Any other menace Mrs. Drapery might possibly have withstood; but that of a disappointment in love was too

too powerful. She candidly acknowledged the confidence Lord Darnley had placed in her, but first obtained a promise from Mr. Oldson of his silence on the subject.

He wished to persuade her not to mention it to her lady; but this trusty confidante, recollecting Lord Darnley's offer *to do handsomely by her*, longed for the moment when she should be at liberty to divulge the secret of which she had been till then in painful possession.

Lady Jane felt a glow of satisfaction rise on her cheek, as she listened to Mrs. Drapery's information. Situate as she then was, every proof of regard, even from the most indifferent person, became dear to her. The cruel and unmerited treatment she every day endured, had the same effect on her gentle mind that a stormy sea has on a mariner. Her heart panted for rest, for she saw herself environed by enemies where she might naturally have expected friends. She felt that matters were drawing to a crisis, that

that would soon determine her future fate.

The next morning she told Mr. Martindale of the insult that had been offered to her at the Oratorio. He seemed perfectly indifferent, and said she might thank herself for it: that when a married woman had once openly admitted the addresses of another man, her husband could not be blamed for discarding her. That he had no cause of complaint against Lord Darnley, as he conceived that he had acted only as every other gay man would do in the same situation; and he finished by telling her that she was perfectly at liberty to follow Lord Darnley's fortunes wherever they might lead her.

That calm serenity of mind which had ever dignified the exemplary character of Lady Jane Martindale, now entirely forsook her. She uttered the most piercing complaints against her unfeeling husband for his injustice and cruelty towards her, and the most bitter invectives against the infamous Mrs. Martindale;
and

and when she saw that it was impossible to persuade him of her innocence, she found it necessary to have recourse to measures the most repugnant to her feelings, and at once to declare all she knew: she then entered into a minute detail of the intrigue that had been carried on between Mrs. Martindale and Lord Darnley at the French milliner's house.

Mr. Martindale rang for his hat, and went immediately to his father's, telling Lady Jane he should return presently. He did so; and his countenance was inflamed by anger, as he asked her, "How she dared to asperse the character of a virtuous woman?" She had endeavoured, he said, to destroy that of Mrs. Martindale, because she had refused to become a partner in her vices. She was jealous, he supposed, of Mrs. Martindale's superior beauty and qualifications, and of the attention Lord Darnley had, like other men, paid her. He advised her to take up her residence with THEIR charge, at Paddington, and limited her to three days to remove her effects from his

his house : he excepted his mother's jewels, which he insisted on having immediately restored to him. He then rang the bell, which was answered by Oldson, whom he commanded in a peremptory manner no longer to consider Lady Jane as his mistress, and to make known that such were his injunctions to all the other domestics. Oldson would have spoken, but was prevented by a look that forbade all possibility of a reply. He then ordered a chaise and four to be immediately got in readiness from the nearest inn, and told Oldson to prepare to accompany him.

The triumph of passion was soon over; and a tear of pity, and perhaps of remaining tenderness (which he used every effort to suppress), fell down his cheeks as he took hold of Lady Jane's hand; when turning his head on the other side, he bade her an eternal adieu. He threw bank notes on the table to the value of five hundred pounds, and then tore himself from her in a paroxysm of agony that fell little short of her own.

C H A P. XXIII.

IN a moment like this, how was Lady Jane Martindale to proceed? Were I to ask a hundred people, I should receive a hundred different opinions; but Lady Jane had no time for reflection. The arrow had been aimed at her heart, and it was lodged there. She ordered Mrs. Drapery into her presence; who, with many tears, besought her to compose herself. She desired her to pack up in a box by themselves, all the jewels and trinkets that old Mr. Martindale and his son had once given to her, but of which she was no longer the mistress; and then asked as a favour, what but two hours before she had a right to command, that that one of the servants might go for a hackney coach, that she might call at two or three places she thought necessary, while her woman was packing up her clothes, as she desired. She was going first to see Mrs. Martindale; for though her noble heart shrunk from the idea of supplicating

supplicating her enemy, yet she thought it a duty she owed herself, to explain to that lady, as matters now stood, the necessity that had driven her to give such a painful explanation of every circumstance that could tend to corroborate her own innocence.

With swollen eyes, which she endeavoured as much as possible to conceal by her long lace veil, she stepped into the coach, and ordered it to Devonshire Place. Alas! the servants there had not only received orders never more to admit her, but were even insolent enough to express before the coachman their astonishment at her calling there. She then went to Miss Fielding's, and had the satisfaction to find that her friend was at home. They knew nothing more of the misintelligence than what had passed at the oratorio, and entreated her to return home, and to inform them the next morning in what manner it had been settled. Lady Jane, after a short visit, returned to Argyle-Street, and found a servant of old Mr. Martindale's, who

H 2

had

had brought a note from his son, and only waited her answer to leave town. In it he desired her to send him an inventory, directed to Ledstone, of the things she had left there, which he said should be sent to her wherever she might appoint, as he was going to sell that estate. It contained also a request that she would quit Argyle-Street as soon as possible; and that she would not attempt making Mrs. Drapery the companion of her flight, as it would be the means of preventing that person's being respectably settled with Oldson, and he doubted Lady Jane's future ability of recompensing her, if she attempted to prevent it.

Lady Jane possessed too much of the pride inseparable from a noble mind, to be required a third time to quit the house. She easily perceived that Drapery's views on Oldson superseded all affection for herself; and that although he would willingly have suffered her for the present to accompany her, yet he feared his master's displeasure were she to do so.

Lady

Lady Jane desired Oldson to change for her a fifty pounds note; she gave ten to Mrs. Drapery more than was due to her for the trouble she had in packing up her things, which she desired her to take care of till she sent for them. Another ten she gave to Oldson to divide among the servants, besides two guineas for himself; and in a fit of wild despair, unaccompanied by a single attendant, and without having tasted of the dinner that the servants had as usual prepared, and placed before her, she sent for a hackney coach at ten o'clock at night, and ordered the coachman to drive her which way he pleased, till she should otherwise direct him.

C H A P. XXIV.

TH E coachman proceeded on a journey he could not rightly comprehend, and at length stopped at the turnpike beyond Westminster-bridge. Lady Jane was ruminating whither she should go, when she was roused from her reverie by a demand for the toll. Her memory brought several persons to her recollection, but she dreaded to meet with a cool reception, wherever she appeared, and made known her story. Of Lord Darnley's address she was ignorant, and the lateness of the hour would alone have prevented her calling on him. She desired the coachman would drive her to Lisson Green, where she found that the family was already in bed. She knocked repeatedly, and at length with some difficulty obtained admission into the nurse's bed-chamber.

She

She apologized for her unseasonable visit, and the mystery of its appearance, discharged the coach, and lay down by the sleeping infant. But she could neither compose herself, nor let the nurse, till she had made some enquiries respecting Lord Darnley. The answer was productive of the only satisfaction it was at that moment in her power to receive, as she found that he had promised to be there the next morning by twelve o'clock. She soon after closed her wearied eye-lids, and sunk to momentary rest.

Lord Darnley was punctual to his appointed hour; and giving his horse to the groom, ran eagerly up stairs. Nothing could equal his amazement at seeing Lady Jane there, pale, dishevelled, and half-drest, sitting with his child on her knee. She arose as he entered, and giving Miss Darnley into the nurse's arms, desired she would retire with her into the garden, while she spoke to her Lord. But when she began to relate her mournful tale, she found herself
wholly

wholly unable to proceed. She clasped her hands in speechless agony, and lifting up her eyes to *Him* who could alone support and strengthen her in the hour of affliction, she burst into tears.

When she had a little recovered herself, she explained, as well as she was able, her undeserved situation; leaving the present disposal of herself to the superior judgment of Lord Darnley, whose protection was the only one she could now claim. He took her hand, and thanking her for the confidence with which she honoured him, besought her permission to go instantly to town in order to provide for her a more suitable apartment. He left her, and in less than three hours returned in a post-chaise, in which she gladly accompanied him she knew not, nor cared not whither.

The temporary residence that Lord Darnley had procured for Lady Jane, was at a lodging house in Great Cumberland Street; and he took one for himself within a few doors of it, which happened
to

to be the same that had been occupied by Colonel Stuart and his family. But this he did not know; and not choosing at once to inform Lady Jane of his being so near a neighbour, she also remained ignorant of it. Lord Darnley had called her in both houses Lady Findlater, and said she was a baronet's widow. This had been agreed on in the chaise, to prevent suspicion or enquiry. He passed several hours of the day with her, and she saw no other person. His valet, who usually attended her, was a new one, who fortunately had not seen or heard of her before. But it was necessary to intrust the nurse, who was a decent woman, and to be depended on. She was moreover assured that she would lose her place from the moment there was the least cause to suspect that she had betrayed her Lord.

From her they soon received intelligence, that she had been several times followed by different people whom she did not know, as she went in and out of town with Miss Darnley; in consequence

of which it became necessary to remove them, and they were sent to Brompton.

A fatality is frequently attendant on different situations in life, which eludes all that the most watchful vigilance can surmise to prevent it. It was so in the present incident. Not all the caution observed both by Lady Jane and Lord Darnley, nor the fidelity of the nurse could counteract the decree of fate. Great effects proceed frequently from trivial causes, which can be neither foreseen nor prevented.

Lord Darnley's valet perceived that there was some mystery about Lady Findlater; but being a country fellow, who knew nothing of London, and being much confined at home, he had no opportunity of talking over his Lord's affairs among his fellow-servants; and the nurse, who was rather a pretty girl, hardly condescended to speak to him. Lord Darnley had one morning written to Lady Jane, and intrusted as usual the note to his servant; who thought this
a good

a good opportunity to satisfy the curiosity of their landlady, with whom he had frequently conversed on the subject. She was overjoyed at his offer, and particularly so as he requested her to give it into the lady's own hands, which was a charge he also had received from his master.

She took the note, and went directly to the door of the apartment, which was to her unspeakable astonishment, opened by Lady Jane Maatindale, who was as much confused as herself; she first suspected that it was some trick put upon her by her family, till she learned that Lord Darnley was in possession of Colonel Stuart's former lodgings in her house. She entreated her to preserve the most inviolable secrecy, which was faithfully promised, without any intention of performing it.

This slender circumstance laid a lasting foundation for every subsequent event of Lady Jane's life. The moment the landlady returned home, she put on her
hat

hat and cloke with all possible speed, and telling the valet she was going to market, without any farther explanation, posted directly to Mr. Martindale's house in Argyle Street, whither she had once been on a visit to Mrs. Drapery, in company with Josephine, Miss Stuart's Neapolitan maid. Mrs. Drapery was at home, and in the act of writing to her dear Oldson, who was still at Ledstone with his master. As soon as she had heard ALL, she presented her visitant with a glass of her best cordial, and begged to have the HONOUR of her company another time, as she was just finishing an important letter, and feared being too late for the post. These two worthy females exchanged several polite curtesies, and parted highly satisfied with each other; the one having communicated all she knew, and the other having heard all she wished; for they were till that moment ignorant of Lady Jane's destination. Mrs. Drapery added another sheet to her already voluminous packet; and as soon as she had dispatched it, and finished her dinner, she sent for every
one

one of the servants into the housekeeper's room, to whom she related the whole of this marvellous tale.

Mrs. Drapery was now sole mistress of the house ; consequently whatever she said, was the grand rule of their actions. I must indeed except a Yorkshire groom ; who having sat like the rest open-mouthed to hear pronounced the sentence of his lady's condemnation, declared " he would go to her that very moment, and know in what he could serve her, for that she was as good a lady as ever broke bread ; and he was certain that as for Yorkshire, there was never a gentleman in the whole country that would have turned such a tender-hearted lady out of doors, but that he had heard these Londoners would do any thing. He did not care for his master ; he might hang him if he liked, and keep his wages into the bargain ; but that now he knew where to find his lady, he would go and offer his service to her ; ay, and stick by her, if she would let him, without a farthing wages, as long as he lived."

Mrs.

Mrs. Drapery expatiated on the resentment of an enraged master, and the destruction that would inevitably overtake him, and finally prevent his ever getting another place, should he persist in such a foolish scheme:—but all would not do; nothing could induce Tom to relinquish his present purpose; and with all the blunt honesty and feeling of a TRUE YORKSHIREMAN, he went immediately to his master's stables, where, giving up his charge of the saddle-horses to the coachman, he packed up his all in a small bundle, and without taking leave of his associates, whom his heart cursed for their cruelty, he walked with aching steps towards Great Cumberland Street.

In his way thither, he reflected for the first time of his life on what he was about. He had given up his place, and all the interest he had, without having any just reason to suppose that Lady Jane would befriend him. What was he to do if she refused him an asylum?—Tom had no friends in London; they were all
inhabitants

inhabitants of Ripon; yet Tom did not repent. He already had received full compensation for any hardships he might in future undergo. He had experienced that inward joy, that indescribable felicity of having given way to the genuine feelings of an honest heart. He did not suppose that his lady would suffer him to want; but if she did, he should only be reduced to temporary necessity, and that too in a noble cause; *the cause of injured innocence*. His friends were industrious, hard-working people, who would not, he was very sure, dismiss him because he did not bring them *Gold*. No; they had ever prayed him to remain among them steady to the plough, as his forefathers had been; but Tom had seen laced liveries in the neighbourhood of Ripon; and more from the generous motive of thinking he could henceforward add to the little wealth already possessed by his family, than any self-interested principle of his own, he had set out on his perilous journey, TO SEE THE WORLD.

C H A P. XXV.

TOM was at first refused admittance; till by his sobs and tears, and his affe-
vation that he had left his place for no
other reason than to wait on his lady, he
prevailed on the mistress of the house to
go up stairs a second time, and she con-
sented to see him. He briefly related by
what means he had discovered her resi-
dence, and begged her ladyship's pardon
for his boldness in coming after her, and
the motive which had induced him to do
so. Lady Jane thanked him for his atten-
tion, and drawing five guineas from her
purse advised him to return to his place,
or, if he did not choose that, she would
recommend him, she said, to Lord
Darnley, who would procure him another.
Tom looked first at the money, and then
wistfully at Lady Jane; for he feared to
offend, as he begged to be excused taking
it; and he ventured to hint, that, not
seeing any servants about her, he thought
she could but ill spare it; and all he im-
plored

pledged was, that she would keep him in her service. The poor creature pleaded so powerfully, that it was impossible she could without cruelty resist him; so ordering him to put the money in his pocket, she suffered him to enter on the pleasing task of rendering himself a faithful attendant on her.

Lady Jane employed the remainder of the morning in writing a long narrative of facts to her father. She endeavoured to prepare him in the most delicate and pathetic manner for the knowledge of her misfortunes, and anticipated the total forgetfulness of these, in his sympathizing tenderness. She observed that she had only quitted an unpleasant home, to return to her native happy one; and she requested his approbation of her joining him immediately in Ireland. With eager expectation she told him she should wait his reply, which would in every thing determine her future conduct. Her hours appeared to grow lighter from the moment her letter was given to the postman, and she followed in idea its hasty progress.

progress during the night; forming a thousand pleasing conjectures on the event of its success. Lord Darnley had for the first time neglected visiting her that evening; but when he called the next morning, he found her more cheerful than he had hitherto seen her; and as the day was remarkably fine, he proposed their going in a hackney coach to see Miss Darnley at Brompton, and walking in one of the retired paths of its neighbourhood. Lord Darnley returned to dinner with her, and had been just proposing to accompany her to Ireland as soon as she received her father's answer; telling her, that now the Martindales knew where to find them both, he doubted not but that all possible means would be tried to hasten a divorce; and he hoped to receive, as soon as it was pronounced, her hand from her father. He had never spoken so openly before. In those few words were comprehended all she wished to hear, and she felt elated at the idea of being restored to happiness. Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Tom, who brought

brought a letter that had been put into his hands by one of the servants from Argyle-street; it was addressed to Lady Jane; she knew her husband's hand on the direction, which was all he had written. In the blank cover was a letter to himself, which had been sent to Ledstone, and was from thence forwarded by him. It bore the Irish post-mark, and was sealed with black. Lady Jane saw the signature, and fainted away. Her heart foreboded its dreadful contents; there was no need of her reading it, to be convinced of *this, her greatest misfortune!* Lord Darnley took it up, and found that it contained an affecting request from the steward to Mr. Martindale, that he would break the news of the Earl's sudden death to Lady Jane in the tenderest manner possible. He had departed this life but two hours before it was written, consequently no knowledge could be had of the situation in which he had left his affairs; but the steward added, that as he had reason to believe his lordship had left Mr. Martindale sole executor,
he

he entreated that gentleman to come with all possible haste to Dublin.

Lady Jane soon recovered from her state of insensibility; but her heart was tuned to woe, and she bore this afflicting circumstance with more composure at the moment than might have been expected. She looked up to Lord Darnley as HER ONLY FRIEND, for where in the vast universe could she claim another?—He sincerely felt for and pitied her, and he promised her every assistance, at this dismal juncture, that she could derive from his affection, his society, and advice. But she was deeply affected by her recent loss; and her grief was of the most dangerous kind, as it grew into a settled melancholy, which increased daily. She continually pondered on her situation, and at length, without consulting Lord Darnley, or even mentioning the circumstance to him, she wrote to Miss Fielding, giving her a circumstantial detail of all that had passed, and entreating to see her. She gave Tom orders to wait

wait for an answer, and he brought back her own letter, unsealed, in a blank cover. She found herself DESPISED AND REJECTED, and a constant succession of sad ideas filled her very soul. The wounded mind will, like the drowning man, catch at every shadow of a substance; and Lady Jane, penetrated with Lord Darnley's attentive friendship, insensibly attached herself to him. He could now prevail on her with less difficulty to accompany him in riding, walking, &c. till by degrees she gave herself up irrecoverably to him, and refused nothing to a man whom she with confidence considered as her future husband, and natural protector.

Lady Jane and Lord Darnley were more publicly together than formerly, but still kept their respective lodgings. In less than a month after her father's death, she received a second letter from the steward, written at the desire of Mr. Martindale, who was, he informed her, arrived in Dublin to take possession of
all

all that had been left her. He sent her word that, on his return to England, he would secure her a settlement adequate to the fortune he had with her; and Lord Darnley received, about the same time, a citation from Doctors Commons.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXVI.

WE will now revisit with regret our friends at Allanbank; I say with regret, because we left them at the summit of happiness, and (if we accompany them at all) we must descend with them into the valley of woe. Colonel Stuart was surprised one morning, as he was sitting in his study, by a large packet directed to him, which, on opening, he found to contain several sheets from an elder brother, who had been long settled at Madras; and of whom he had not received any tidings for more than twenty years, a coolness having subsisted since that time between them. The Colonel was perfectly ignorant whether he was living or dead. But as old age brings reflection, and draws us naturally back to our first attachments, Mr. Stuart at last recollected that he had a brother, who he had lately heard was not only living, but was a widower, with an only daughter. He wrote rather a kind letter to the Colonel, giving
a long

a long account of himself. He had been married, he said, twice; and had three children, none of whom survived; and his last wife, who was also his last tie in that country, was lately dead. He complained of his age and infirmities, and acknowledged that he had made a considerable fortune in the east, which it was his intention to bequeath to his niece. He desired that the Colonel would either embark in the first ship destined to India, or that he would send over some person, in whom he could place confidence, to attend to the settling of his affairs; he added, that in case of his dying before such a one arrived, he had already taken care to make a will in favour of Miss Stuart, his niece.

The Colonel exulted but little in his daughter's unexpected prospect of future fortune. She had enough to make her happy, and they coveted no more. Yet it was necessary on every account to accede to her uncle's request. She might have a large family, and it was a duty incumbent on him not to neglect a circumstance

stance that had the appearance of turning out so much to her advantage, and so far beyond their expectations. To cast away a gift that was as it were thrown into their lap, would be, according to Colonel Stuart's ideas, to render themselves unworthy the dispensations of providence in their favour. The only difficulty was, to determine on who was proper to go over. It was a long perilous voyage to be undertaken by the Colonel; and he could not think of separating Glencairn and his daughter, at a moment when they were on the point of marriage, and when every thing seemed to smile propitious on their union.

When he met them, his countenance bore the visible marks of perturbation and anxiety; and it was some time before he could collect himself sufficiently to impart to them the contents of the letter. Glencairn and Mary watched each other's countenance while he was reading it; but when the Colonel signified his intention of first joining their hands, and then leaving them while he made the long,
I long

long voyage, Mary at once declared that she would rather relinquish every earthly advantage than suffer her father to undertake it. To her, and to Glencairn, no increase of fortune could bring increase of happiness; and why should they traverse seas to risk the loss of THAT, of which they were already in possession?

Glencairn stood in a delicate situation. His wandering heart prompted him to insist on being the deputed person, yet he feared two unkind constructions that might be put on it if he did so; and these were, indifference towards Mary, and self-interest. If either of them preponderated, it was not surely the latter. He asked Mary what he should do?—She expected, yet was not immediately prepared for the question. It was about the time when the Indiamen were to sail; and while Colonel Stuart retired to his study to write to a friend in London in order to make proper enquiries about them, Miss Stuart and Glencairn walked into the garden, where they agreed that there was no alternative between his going to India, and

and the loss of her uncle's favour and fortune.

When Colonel Stuart saw that it was in vain to oppose Glencairn's resolution, strengthened by the consent of Mary, he told him he should leave it entirely to himself, and his daughter, whether their marriage should take place before or after his return; but Miss Stuart begged to continue in her present situation till he did so. She thought she should be better able to bear his absence as her friend, than as her husband: they were already betrothed; she could not doubt his love for her; and she considered the sacrifice he was about to make, as the greatest proof that he could give of it.

The Colonel used all possible dispatch in forwarding every necessary preparation for Glencairn's departure; and he soon received an answer from the friend to whom he had written, who was one of the East India Directors, informing him that his passage was taken on board the Melville Castle, which was to sail in

three weeks. The arrival of this letter caused a few pearly drops to trickle down the cheeks of Mary ; but the blow was given, and it was too late to recede.

CHAP. XXVII.

WE will pass over the melancholy separation, and, leaving Colonel and Miss Stuart at Allanbank in better health than spirits, accompany Glencairn to London.

As he approached the gay metropolis, his mind dwelt on the idea of Lady Jane Martindale. Every carriage that he met he fancied to contain her, and every well-drest person he saw he anxiously looked at, as supposing he could receive from them some information of her. On the morning after his arrival, he waited on the Director with a letter from Colonel Stuart; but finding he was gone to Blackwall, to dine on board the Melville Castle, he ordered a post-chaise, and followed him. He was introduced by that gentleman to Captain Dundas and the other officers, and was much pleased both with his acquaintance and his birth there. He was informed that the ship was to go

down the river in ten days. He returned to town with his new friend in the evening, and on their way could not forbear asking him if he was acquainted with the Martindale family? — By report only, was the reply; and indeed he said the late transactions of that family were not calculated to make any person wish to know more of them. This led to an explanation, and, when they arrived, to the perusal of a newspaper a few days old, which was at the Director's, and contained a long account of the ELOPEMENT of Lady Jane Martindale with Lord Darnley, &c. &c. &c.

Glencairn was engaged to stay supper, but retired to his hotel as soon as it was over; and finding that a porter kept watch all night, he put on a great coat, and walked immediately to Argyle Street. When he approached the house, he heard the sound of fiddles, and people dancing: he at once disbelieved the report, thinking it very unlikely, if it were true, that Mr. Martindale should have a ball in his house. He was however soon convinced
of

of his error, when he saw several odd-looking men reeling out of it, and heard them hallooing for coaches for the LADIES. He addressed himself to the most decent-looking one, who told him it was Mrs. Drapery's birth-day, and that all the noblemen's gentlemen and ladies' women of the neighbourhood were assembled to celebrate it; that Mr. Martindale was at his country seat in Cornwall, and that Lady Jane was gone off with Lord Darnley. Glencairn thanked his informer, and returned to his apartment. He had appointed a week from that day to go on board the ship, and was determined to employ the whole of it in making enquiries after her. He flattered himself that it would be in his power to "recall the wanderer home;" and should he fail in the attempt, it was still a laudable one. He thought he saw her destitute of money, and of friends; and might he not supply the place of both?—Yet, he again reflected, was she deserving such attention from him, and ought he not to be withheld from shewing it by his sacred engagement to Mary Stuart? The gentle,
the

the virtuous, the faithful Mary possessed but, alas ! the second place in his regard ; he was more rivetted by honour, than he was bound by love.

The next morning, the Director favoured him with a visit, and insisted on his dining with him. They talked of Colonel Stuart, and Glencairn slightly touched on his engagement with his daughter ; but as several gentlemen were present, many words did not pass on the subject. Glencairn drank freely of Cape and a variety of other wines. His life had hitherto been one continued scene of sobriety, and it was not to be wondered at, in the present moment, that the liquor staggered his reason, and at length wholly overcame it. To this might be added the disordered situation of his mind, and both threw him into a state of temporary madness. He stole away from the Director's house, and went directly to Mr. Martindale's ; where, on enquiring for Mrs. Drapery, he soon gained admission. She immediately knew him ; confirmed all he had heard ; told him where to find Lady Jane ;
and

and finished by saying, that had he come sooner to town, he would have probably had the preference over Lord Darnley.

Flushed as he was with wine, and inflamed by the subject, he scarcely gave her time to finish the sentence, ere he directed his wayward steps towards Great Cumberland Street. No sooner was the street door opened, than he impetuously rushed forward, and, without making any enquiry at Lady Jane's apartment, abruptly entered it. She started, and was terrified by his appearance, and received him with distant civility. His passion knew no bounds. Love, jealousy, and rage, were conspicuous in his countenance; he called her *infamous*, and ungrateful, and vowed to be the death of Lord Darnley, if she did not instantly consent to go off with him. At the word *infamous*, she shuddered. Her soul disdained the menace, and the accuser; yet she was stung by his expressions. Was that the language she deserved, or had been accustomed to?—Was there no discrimination? no more gentle epithet for

a heart nearly broken by accumulated misfortunes, but which had plunged into an illegal, though almost unavoidable connection?—She had been thrown headlong down a precipice, and was now accused, and reproached, because she fell! Glencairn had not arrived time enough to snatch her from impending ruin; but he seemed to triumph in her misfortune, and to take an unmanly advantage of it to insult her. She felt that her situation laid her open to the frowning censures of the world, but he was the last person that should remind her of it. She had not reason to expect to meet with lenity from her female acquaintance, after the kind lesson Miss Fielding had taught her. Alas! were all the SEEMING virtuous characters to be unmasked, how many, more culpable in reality than Lady Jane, would be branded with the word *infamous*! The daughters of Albion, as they are the fairest productions of nature, should be also the most generous. They should learn to pity, before they condemn; they should be merciful, as God is merciful; and they would find more favour in his sight when they

they wipe away the tear of anguish, than when they wantonly and cruelly augment it. Let them not forget the old Spanish proverb, that

Whoever throws stones at his neighbour's windows,
should remember his own are made of glass.

Youth, beauty, health, and even life itself, are too frequently sacrificed to these mistaken prejudices of the world. How many noble minds are overthrown by them! for I hope, and believe, that few women who are not born and educated in the path of vice, can be deemed deserving of the disgrace and opprobrium with which they are overwhelmed, from the moment they become outcasts of society; or, that the susceptible mind can long support it!—The contempt of the VIRTUOUS, the insults of the vulgar, sanctioned as it were by their example, will not fail at last to break a heart endued with sensibility. How great are the sorrows that arise from too delicate a share of it in many transactions of life! It has long been a disputed point, whether or not the pleasures flowing from SENSIBILITY are
not

not more than overbalanced by the crosses, disappointments, mortifications, and insults, it daily receives from a barbarous herd of INSENSIBLE mortals. Perhaps it may be so; yet a tender sensible mind will still have pleasures, and enjoy happiness, which those of a coarser mould know nothing of. As the source and springs of their felicity are secret; so, to avoid the sneer and laugh of unfeeling creatures, they enjoy it in secret also.

Hard fate of man, on whom the heavens bestow
A drop of pleasure, for a sea of woe!

CHAP. XXVIII.

LADY Jane prevailed at length on Glencairn to retire ; which however she was not able to accomplish till he had extorted from her a promise to consider of his proposals, and to send him a definitive answer to them in the morning. She also obtained his word, that he would not take any steps against Lord Darnley which might interfere with her present state of negative peace, till she had some farther conversation with him. But she was relieved from all apprehensions of that kind early the next day by a few lines she received from him, in which he bade her a long adieu. He assured her that he felt the impropriety of which he had been guilty the preceding evening, and he entreated her to forgive it, as with his reason a proper sense of his duty had returned ; and that lest he should in another moment of involuntary inebriation be tempted to offend her again in the same manner, he had determined on going on board the Melville Castle that day ; being
resolved

resolved to fulfil to the utmost the confidence reposed in him. He would willingly, he added, lose his life in her defence; but he owed the present preservation of it to the interests of Colonel Stuart, and his family; he was intrusted by them with the deposit of their future fortune; it was a sacred engagement, which, when once fulfilled, would leave him nothing to hope for, and nothing to fear.

In a short postscript he added, that his destination was to return to England as soon as he had seen Mr. Stuart, and received his commands; when he would find out if possible where she resided, and in what situation. He concluded thus abruptly, as if fearful of saying more than he intended; yet it was easy to trace his bewildered mind in every line.

Lady Jane had certainly an attachment for Lord Darnley; but it was rather the compulsion of gratitude, than the effusion of love. She had lately observed in him an air of constraint, and sometimes of moroseness, that she had not before perceived; yet

yet she considered it both her duty and inclination to apprize Lord Darnley of their interview. He paused while she related it; then seeming suddenly to recollect himself, advised her if possible to marry Glencairn. He did not, he said, mean to keep up the boyish farce of deceiving her; but he could not in honour to himself, or justice to his daughter, marry her himself. His fortune she knew was not large. Yet he could spare out of it an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he would settle on her in addition to whatever allowance might be made her by Mr. Martindale, after the divorce bill had passed. She must not, he added, expect to see him so frequently as she had hitherto done; it might prevent his forming an HONOURABLE CONNECTION, which he owed to the infancy and situation of his daughter.

Lady Jane listened to this speech in silent astonishment; and, when it was over, ironically thanked his lordship for the KINDNESS of his intentions; but assured him that it was the last time she would degrade herself by seeing him. With an air
of

of dignity, uncontaminated by passion of any kind, she commanded him to retire, and never more to insult her either by his presence, or his offers of misplaced generosity, or wound her feelings by unmerited contempt. She was at least his equal in point of rank; and in sentiment, far, far his superior. She loved the little Louisa with almost the same maternal tenderness she should have felt, had Heaven blessed her with a child; but her pride had been too grossly insulted to allow her to give farther proofs of it. She repeated her wish of seeing him no more, and with haughty, but determined resolution, forbade him to intrude farther on her presence.

Lord Darnley looked abashed, and mortified; he endeavoured to stammer out an excuse; but finding it would avail nothing, he made a low bow and withdrew.

In new, and alarming assaults of fortune, if there be leisure for reflection, the mind retires into its citadel; and there, rejecting every useless or ordinary companion, admits alone those rare energetic powers, whose vigour can repel, or vigilance elude, the fury of the storm. In such a dilemma,
she

she naturally thought of Glencairn; not as the future happy rival of Lord Darnley; not as her champion, whom she might expect to find bold in his revenge of her injuries;—but, as a friendly divinity, whose soothing pity, if it could not dissipate, would at least effuse a sympathetic balm. Yet it was not until after some struggles that she determined to write, and request seeing him once more; and dispatched Tom with a letter to that effect, to Black-wall.

He lost no time after receiving it in obeying her summons; and drew from her a full confession of her intimacy with Lord Darnley, and his subsequent conduct. He said little in reply, but soon after excused himself on pretence of business which would detain him half an hour, and went directly to Lord Darnley's lodgings, determined to demand satisfaction for the ungentlemanly and cruel treatment that he had exerted towards an unhappy and unprotected woman. His lordship having probably entertained some suspicions on that head, had paid off his lodgings,

lodgings, and left town an hour before Glencairn arrived there.

Cruelty and cowardice are so closely connected, as to be deemed almost inseparable. The man who would wantonly torture and destroy even the least of God's creatures, will be seldom found to possess that degree of courage which naturally belongs to the Lord of the creation, and which habitual vice only can do away. He will tyrannize over those unhappy victims whom the chance of fortune has rendered subservient to his power; but he will shrink from those who can reign over HIM, and stand aghast at the appearance of superior virtue. A man of real courage is a man of strict honour; he will, like the tried warrior, pity, and relieve as far as he is able, the less fortunate vanquished; but he will despise the pitiful prerogative of exulting over, and adding to, accumulated woes. Such were the opposite characters of Lord Darnley, and Glencairn.

In

In two days more the Melville-Castle was to go down the river; and Glencairn's engagements were of too serious a nature to be broken. He said nothing to Lady Jane of his knowledge of Lord Darnley's departure; but requested her to persevere in not seeing him; and advised her to retire to some more private lodging, where she might wait the issue of the matter now pending in law. He told her that he hoped to return to England in fifteen or eighteen months; and he begged her not to forget that she had one friend left, who would never desert her interests, though the sacrifice of his everlasting peace must be made to the memory of her sufferings, and his own feeble condition. With these words he left her, but ah, in what a situation!—no friends, no society, not even an acquaintance to whom she might pour out her griefs, and her mind disturbed almost beyond the powers of reflection! Towards evening she walked out, and her steps were involuntarily directed towards Brompton. She would have passed the house which contained Miss Darnley; but by accident she looked
up,

up, and saw her playing in her nurse's arms, at the window. She was then about eight months old. Lady Jane could not resist the temptation; but running eagerly up stairs, kissed her with ardent affection, while the tears streamed down her cheeks. The object of her walk was to find out a cheap lodging in a decent family; in this she soon succeeded, and took it from the following day.

She returned home, and was sitting over a slender supper, rapt in melancholy ideas, when a loud knock at the street-door, and a hackney coach stopping at it, arrested her attention. Tom informed her that it was an old gentleman, who declined sending up his name, but particularly requested to see her. She was in that state of torpid insensibility which renders us alike indifferent to every thing, and she gave orders that he should be admitted. This unexpected visitor was old Mr. Martindale; at sight of him her tears flowed afresh, but he bade her be comforted. Nothing, he said, that lay within his power should be wanting to soften the
rigour

rigour of her destiny. He had called to assure her of it; and would repeat his visits, though he wished his family might remain ignorant of them. The settlement, he said, of two thousand pounds per annum that had been made on her marriage, and was to descend to her in case she survived her husband, would still hold good if there was no divorce, and that she refused to sign any bond that might be proposed to her, till she had been advised how to act. His son had been already informed by his counsel, that there did not exist any just plea for a divorce; and he was determined not only to apprise her of what she ought to do, but also from time to time to acquaint her with what steps were to be taken, and his opinion of them. He staid with her near an hour; and promising to call on her next evening at Brompton, took his leave of her with every appearance of pity and regard.

She received the next morning a long consolatory letter from Glencairn; but as it contained nothing more than a repetition of his friendship and good wishes, we
will

will not transcribe it; but take for the present our leave of him, wishing him a prosperous voyage to India, and a safe and happy return to Britain.

Mr. Martindale went as he had promised to Brompton; and said he was authorised by his son to make known to her in what manner he chose, that he should henceforwards continue to allow her one hundred pounds per annum; and that he had given orders to his banker to pay her immediately five hundred pounds, as a present from himself. She had hitherto thought of, and now cared, so little about pecuniary matters, that she was perfectly satisfied with his proposal to execute a deed of separation, that should preclude the possibility of her debts falling on her husband. This was agreed on, and signed by both parties the following day, and every thing appeared to be terminated to the satisfaction of all those who were concerned in it.

C H A P. XXIX.

FROM the time of Glencairn's departure, Miss Stuart's health began to relapse into its former state of declining strength. Frequent faintings, loss of appetite, and a total dejection of spirits, were the alarming fore-runners of what was soon confirmed to be a rapid decline. The Colonel and herself received several letters from him, and in the last, dated from the Downs, he took his long farewell. But these, instead of assuaging her grief at his loss, visibly augmented it. She perceived a chilly reserve in his manner of addressing her, that was inconsistent she thought with the nature of their engagement; and his silence respecting Lady Jane Martindale (an account of whom they had seen in the papers) was to Mary the surest proof of his not being indifferent about it. In a few weeks Mr. Courtenay became their visitor; but knowing the situation of her heart, he dropped all pretensions to be her lover, and gloried but in the title of her sincere and sympathizing friend.

friend. He divided with the Colonel his attentions to her; and his naturally cheerful disposition often forced a smile from her pale and placid countenance, while it seconded the anxious wishes of her venerable father, by sometimes enabling him to assume a air of gaiety from which his heart was very far removed.

Many months passed in which their hours were thus uniformly, and not unpleasingly divided. The Colonel and Mr. Courtenay generally rode out; and when the cold was not too severe (for it was now winter) Miss Stuart frequently accompanied them behind a servant, for she was too weak to venture alone on horseback. They had one morning in the month of December extended their ride beyond its usual bounds, when they were overtaken by a sudden storm. The hailstones pelted them with fury, and thick flakes of snow fell in abundance over them. They found themselves nine miles from Allanbank, and were obliged to take shelter in a small cottage, till they could dispatch their attendant to the nearest town where

where a chaise might be procured, and which was at a much greater distance. They did not reach home till near seven o'clock in the evening, and the storm had not yet abated.

They had but just changed their wet clothes, and were sitting round the blazing fire, waiting their early supper, when *Keeper*, the faithful house-dog, announced by his loud barking, the unusual approach of visitors. He was soon echoed by several other dogs, whose peaceful slumbers he had disturbed, as they lay stretched round the comfortable hearth of the hospitable parlour. The rain pattered against the windows, and the wind loud whistled through the trees, which hardly suffered them to distinguish the rattling of carriage wheels, till it approached close to the outward gate. Mary's heart first bounded high with fluttering expectation, and then sunk with dire dismay.

The inhabitants of Allanbank soon assembled at the door; from whence, after a short interval of painful suspense, they

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could perceive, by the glimmering light of the different candles they held, a female form, which, lightly tripping up the lawn, was enquiring of every one she saw, whether Miss Stuart was there? On being answered in the affirmative, she flew to her embrace, and, without giving Mary time to recollect herself, asked her if she had quite forgotten her old friend, Sophia Beaumont?

Mary drew back with fear, as thinking she beheld her ghost; for how could mother St. Etienne, a confirmed nun of one of the strictest orders in France, be not only liberated from her confinement, but also a solitary wanderer in a remote part of a kingdom to which she was an entire stranger? A moment's pause convinced her; and that moment drew a tear of blood from her heart, as it brought to her remembrance the situation of *persecuted France!* that country in which she had passed some of the happiest hours of unconscious infancy; where she had so often witnessed the gay dance, the festive board, the jocund song, and all the
sprightly

sprightly attributes of light-footed felicity. Alas! how sad, how bitter, how sudden, how heart-breaking, was now the vast reverse!

Mary welcomed her friend with unfeigned satisfaction, and when supper was over, Miss Beaumont began her pathetic narration. She dwelt with pity on the violation of every sacred institution. The Catholic religion, whose outward forms portrayed the excess of romantic superstition, now stood unmasked, and terrible to view. The savage chiefs of France, whose hands were perpetually employed in shedding without mercy the blood of innocents, had laid low the buildings that were devoted to the service of God, and at length dared to deny his name. Nor did she forget (while the tear of pity streamed down her cheeks, and down those of her auditors) the holy sisterhood of her now violated, but once sacred, asylum. Those aged and venerable nuns, whose life had been spent within its quiet walls, and who, devoted since childhood to their religion, had peaceably and uniformly

formerly fulfilled its duties, were now torn by the rough hand of violence from their solitary cells, and exposed to buffet with the storms of a world they had never seen, and of which they had coveted only A GRAVE!

The great clock struck twelve; and, by reminding them of the lateness of the hour, released the compassionate hearts under the roof at Allanbank from dwelling farther on the melancholy tale; and Miss Beaumont, fatigued by her long journey, was glad to retire as soon as she had satisfied them of the means which brought her thither. An English family to whom she was unknown had conducted her by the way of Ostend to London, and supplied her with money more than sufficient to defray her expences to Scotland. This charming girl, though French by birth, was calculated to adorn human nature; her heart recoiled at the horrors exercised by her ferocious countrymen, horrors so great they want a name, and beggar all description!

C H A P. XXX.

IT would be difficult to meet with minds more perfectly congenial than were those of Mary Stuart and Sophia Beaumont. They were charmed with the society of each other, yet Miss Beaumont's delicacy was wounded by her being wholly dependent on her friends. From this motive she wished, after a few months residence at Allanbank, to remove from it till such time as she might be able to withdraw her slender fortune out of the hands of her family. She was an adept at all kinds of needle-work, and thought it might be practicable for her to gain a maintenance at Edinburgh; but Miss Stuart's precarious state of health would not permit her to hint at it. She was every day somewhat weaker than the former one; yet with that flattering hope which is almost constantly attendant on her fatal disorder, she derived the most sanguine expectations of her recovery with the approaching spring.

Miss Beaumont and Mr. Courtenay were indefatigably attentive to her; but the Colonel was too well aware of her danger, not to stand himself in need of that assistance he endeavoured to give his dying daughter.

Let stoicks enjoy their frigid insensibility, and philosophers boast the command of passions they never felt; but where is the heart endued with NATURAL TENDERNESS, that could have refrained sympathizing with Miss Beaumont in her feelings for her friend?—Courtenay's could not. His admiration of her amiable disposition, which was so feelingly displayed on this melancholy occasion, led him by degrees to a more tender sentiment, which he had some reason to think did not remain long unnoticed by the lovely Sophia.

It was an union that Miss Stuart ardently wished; and the deep blushes which had once overspread Miss Beaumont's face on hearing his name inadvertently mentioned, confirmed her in
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the opinion she had formed of their mutual attachment. I have already said that Mr. Courtenay possessed a considerable fortune in Ireland; but his generous soul disdained the idea of hoarding money, and it was not unusual for him to exceed the bounds of his income by deeds of charity and benevolence. He was at this time about fifty years of age; and had rambled sufficiently about the world, to wish to be at length quietly settled in it. He had partly determined on going to Ireland for that purpose, when he saw Miss Beaumont. His passion for Miss Stuart had worn away in proportion as his hopes of being united to her diminished.

Miss Stuart sent for him one morning into her dressing-room; and taking from a drawer a miniature of herself that had been done in Italy (and which, contrary to her expectation, Glencairn had not asked for at his departure), presented it to him. She requested that he would give it to Miss Beaumont; adding, that she

she was greatly mistaken in her conjectures if she did not receive it with additional satisfaction from his hands.

This speech was too flattering to the wishes of Mr. Courtenay, to be misunderstood by him. His next care, after giving the picture as desired, was to open his mind to Colonel Stuart, and to repeat to him what had passed. The young ladies had already come to an explanation on the subject; and before evening it was resolved on, with the hearty concurrence of all parties, that Mr. Courtenay should receive the hand of Sophia.

In less than three weeks he had made an honourable settlement on his fair intended; and soon after, the marriage was solemnized. Miss Stuart insisted on being present at the ceremony, but fainted before it was over, and was with difficulty conveyed from the church to her chamber. Her heart rejoiced at the happiness of her friend; but it brought sad recollections to her mind, and was
near

near subduing the little strength that was left her. Mr. Courtenay hired a small house that was fortunately vacant in the neighbourhood of Allanbank, as they were determined not to leave Miss Stuart till the curtain of death had been gently drawn over the last scene of her existence.

They had been settled there about ten months, and Mrs. Courtenay's situation was such as to require every precaution and care that a fond husband, and anxious friends, could bestow on it, when it unfortunately happened that she was one evening sitting with Miss Stuart in her apartment, and the London newspapers arrived. Mrs. Courtenay opened them, and began to read; but had not proceeded far, when she saw the words Melville Castle. Eager to satisfy her own impatience, and that of her unhappy friend, she began to go through the paragraph; but stopped in the middle of it, gave a loud scream, and fell in hysterics on the floor. Her cries soon brought the servants

up stairs, who were followed by the Colonel and Mr. Courtenay. The fatal mystery was instantly revealed; the alarming paragraph stated that the Melville Castle was arrived safe at Madras; but that a boat belonging to her had sunk at the entrance of the harbour, and that all the persons on board had unfortunately perished.

Miss Stuart displayed the most heroic fortitude on this occasion; her fears for her friend superseded every selfish pang, and she seemed to soar above mortality. She shed no tears, but sweetly smiled as Mrs. Courtenay recovered, and even endeavoured to persuade them that she had a presentiment of Glencairn's not being of the number of those unhappy passengers. A premature delivery, and the death of her child, were the only ill consequences that befel Mrs. Courtenay; and which, by detaining her at Allankbank, was not unaccompanied by consolation to Miss Stuart, who was too ill to visit at her house, and derived her greatest comfort on attending her, in a
room

room adjoining to her own. Mrs. Courtenay soon recovered; but it was to witness a scene which, though she had long expected, she was ill prepared for. Miss Stuart found herself one day so much better, that she requested they would all indulge her by dining in her room. She had dressed herself to receive, as she said, her visitors, with unusual care. When dinner was over, she desired Mr. Courtenay to lead her to the piano-forte; when faintly touching the discordant strings, she endeavoured to go through her favourite air,

I know that my Redeemer liveth,

which she attempted to accompany with her voice; but her strength failed in the attempt, and she sunk motionless on the chair. When she came to herself, she affectingly took a hand of her father's, and repeatedly pressed it to her lips. She then for the first time acknowledged to them all, that she was sensible of her approaching dissolution. She begged the Colonel would comply with her request, and, in case of Glencairn's returning to England,

England, that he would make him his heir; saying, she could not die in peace unless she obtained the promise of that which lay nearest to her heart. In half-broken sentences he assured her of it, and bade her be comforted.

Towards evening she begged of Mr. Courtenay to read prayers to her, and desired that all the servants might be called up stairs to join in the pious scene. Soon after they were over, she called Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay, and the Colonel, round her chair; and embraced the two former as she prayed of God to bless them. But when her father drew near; when she felt his arms clinging round her waist, as if to shield her from the tyrant who was advancing with hasty steps to separate them for ever, she faintly articulated the word *farewell*; her head sunk on his bosom, and with a deep and heavy sigh *she expired!*

It was some time before they could persuade themselves she was dead; a faint glow tinged her cheek, and a sweet smile was

was visible on her countenance, from the moment the separation of the soul and body had taken place. They laid her gently on the bed, and applied a mirror to her lips. But the faithful monitor refused to deceive. Her breath was fled; and her soul, already towering beyond the confines of mortality, was reaping the reward of innocence and virtue.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

MR S. Courtenay resigned to her husband the melancholy office of consoling the afflicted Colonel, who vainly endeavoured to reconcile himself to the sad separation. He however derived comfort from the idea that it could not be of long duration, for he felt that he should not long survive his Mary. He took a mournful pleasure in decorating her senseless corse with such flowers as his humble green-house could supply. He watched the sad procession as it moved from the house; at the head of it, was the faithful M^cKenzie, bending her palsied frame towards the earth in speechless woe. Mr. Courtenay supported her; nor did his manly countenance lose sight of its dignity while overspread with the tears of affection and sympathy. Eight young Highland girls bore the precious burden to its destined home; and the solemn scene was conducted with that silent awe which intermingles

intermingles itself with pious resignation to the inscrutable will of Heaven.

The ceremony over, the mourners returned; and by degrees, Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay left Colonel Stuart's house to inhabit once more their own. Yet they continued as one family, and omitted nothing that could tend towards alleviating the distresses of their venerable friend. But this care was not long allotted them. In a few weeks, Colonel Stuart entreated them to give up their house, and to take possession of Allanbank; considering it as their deposit till, by the unavoidable arrangement of his affairs, it might hereafter become necessary, through Glencairn's return, for them to relinquish it.

He soon after made his will, and disposed of every thing as his daughter had directed; allotting only some trifling legacies to Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay; a small but sufficient annuity to Mrs. M'Kenzie; and remembrances to his other domestics in proportion to their age and services. He farther stipulated, that
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in case of Glencairn's death without issue, his whole property was to devolve to Mrs. Courtenay, and HER heirs for ever. The business of life being finally settled, the excellent Colonel Stuart resigned his breath, while glorifying his Redeemer that had heard his prayer, and was going to restore him to his Mary.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay remained in quiet possession of Allanbank. Exemplary patterns of domestic felicity, they had already passed three years there; during which Heaven blessed them with two children; nor did they know a day's separation, till Mr. Courtenay went to Ireland for six weeks, on business relative to his own affairs. His amiable Sophia refused all society but that of her children and the worthy M'Kenzie; who being now too old to interfere in household management, was become her constant companion. They could not hear of Glencairn, though they had used every endeavour to know his fate, on the return of the Melville Castle. All they could discover, was, that he was not of
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the number of the drowned passengers in the boat. They had landed him at Madras; and from their not having received any tidings of him since, they concluded that he was either removed to some more distant part of India, or died soon after his arrival there. But they did not appropriate any part of his intended fortune to their own use; they studiously endeavoured to accumulate, and enjoyed the pleasing, disinterested hope, that still existed, of his return to the full enjoyment of it.

Let us now revert to the ill-treated Lady Jane Martindale; who, hurried progressively from one false step to another, found many Lord Darnleys, but few friends. Old Martindale frequently visited her; but shocking to relate! soon convinced her, by his proposals, of the depravity of his mind. He told her that her future fortune was in his hands, and that he would provide for, or forsake her, according to her treatment of him. He questioned her as to the state of her present finances; and on finding that her
thoughtless

thoughtless extravagance had reduced them to the lowest ebb, he threw a fifty pound note on the table, and endeavoured to extort from horror and fear, a sacrifice that in a generous breast must be ever sacred to love alone.

Fallen as she already was in her own esteem, and in that of others, she yet could not hear a sentiment so degrading to humanity, without feeling a mixture of terror and surprise. Though reduced to the last exigences, she would fain have returned the note to its despicable owner: but he insisted on leaving it; and, shewing evident symptoms of disappointment and confusion, soon after took his leave.

Lady Jane gave herself up a prey to inward despair, and outward dissipation. While the tears rose in crimson torrents from her heart, she wildly decorated her person with the insignias of joy; and sought a transitory relief in false pleasures, while she continued to be a stranger to every real one. The doors that sheltered virtue, were closely barred against her approach;

approach ; those of vice, only, stood open to receive her. In every new lover, she sought a friend ; in every new lover, she gained an enemy. She had heard of Miss Stuart's death, but to Glencairn's fate she was wholly indifferent. Several weeks elapsed without her hearing any thing more of old Mr. Martindale ; and so invincible was her present aversion to him, that although from motives of prudence she was with-held from publicly exposing him, she rejoiced at her deliverance from the sight of so unworthy, so unprincipled a relation.

She was one day waited on by an elderly gentleman, whose appearance prejudiced her warmly in his favour. He spoke the language of pity, and of friendly advice ; sounds to which she had been long unaccustomed. After the necessary introduction, he informed her that Mr. Martindale, senior, died suddenly two days before, in an apoplectic fit, and that his will had been that morning read. A codicil was found to have been lately added to it, by which he ratified to Lady Jane the

the enjoyment of the two thousand pounds per annum, in case of her surviving her husband; but that he had not bequeathed her, for temporary supplies, any legacy whatever.

Lady Jane cared so little about worldly concerns, that she heard of this disappointment without the least discomposure. Her mind had now yielded to that state of hurried perplexity, that did not allow her time to reflect on all the miseries attending her hapless situation. She had taken an elegant house in town; and its expences were unceasingly defrayed by the divers successors to her attention. All intercourse between her and the little Louisa Darnley had been long since prohibited by the unfeeling lord; who, callous to misfortunes of which he had been a principal author, now wantonly regarded her, wherever he met her, with the piercing look of ineffable contempt. The affection she once bore him was totally obliterated; and she could meet him and Miss Fielding together, which was not unusual, beholding them with the same degree

degree of contempt which they did not fail manifesting towards her upon every occasion.

A black coach, and all the outward trappings of woe, were the tokens by which she soon descried Mrs. Martindale; who daily paraded the Park and Bond-street with all the solemnity of DECENT widowhood. To this was opposed the gaudy equipage of Lady Darnley, late Miss Fielding; but this did not excite in the breast of Lady Jane, one sensation of sorrow, envy, or surprise. Her feelings were however powerfully affected by a premeditated insult she received from Lady Darnley, a few days after her marriage; who having stopped her carriage one morning at a shop in Bond Street, was speaking to one of the people at the coach door, when Lady Jane passed by. Miss Darnley was with her, and eagerly called to Lady Jane; when Lady Darnley suddenly drew the spring blind, to prevent her enjoying the slender satisfaction of even looking at her.

C H A P. XXXII.

MR S. Martindale did not long remain a widow. Ere the long twelvemonth was expired, during which it was necessary for her to submit to the doleful attire, and to put up with a corner of one of her drawing-room windows being darkened by a hatchment, she made a promise that when once the happy period arrived, she would bestow her hand on a more suitable lover than she had found in her old man. Captain O'Trigger, whose commission centered in a dashing cockade, had paraded his ponies about the city of Bath during several seasons. But, though the gaming tables were in general propitious to him, the chosen societies were not so. The misses all vowed, that Captain O'Trigger was the finest fellow in Bath; but the mammas and guardians gave him so little encouragement, that the Captain at length thought it best to beat a precipitate retreat, and try his success in London. He was a fine, tall, handsome
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looking man ; neat, but preposterous in his dress, and fond to a degree of his person. No man knew better than himself the names of all the different essences and pomatums imported from India and France. From the powerful otto of roses, down to the more reviving, but more humble lavender water, his dressing-room was the repository of them all ; which, together with his ponies, a few fans from Italy, and some pots of rouge warranted vegetable (the two latter articles he reserved for the happy fair on whom he might hereafter fix his choice), composed the whole stock in trade of this FASHIONABLE MILITARY HERO.

Captain O'Trigger, whose modesty was not in the habit of laying any embargo on his inclinations, no sooner beheld our young widow, and was informed who she was, than he determined to lay close siege to her ; and as an advantageous marriage was the first grand object of his pursuit, he was resolved to transform his character into exactly any one that he might find

find on farther enquiry would be most likely to determine her in his favour.

He began to try the whole battery of his artillery against the vain Mrs. Martindale; first, by the aid of a small glass, suspended to a black ribbon, and dangling from his neck; with which he assailed her wherever she went; while the expression of a *damned fine woman!* was uttered just loud enough to catch her ear. At first she thought his accents favoured rather too much of the brogue; but at length custom reconciled her to him, and she hazarded not ere long to avow a distinguished preference to Captain O'Trigger over the rest of his competitors.

He soon became the acknowledged intended of the beautiful widow; not that she cared for him in her heart, but her vanity was gratified at the idea of mortifying her rivals, whom her opinion had magnified into a much greater number than even Captain O'Trigger himself could lay reasonably any claim to.

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The last few weeks of Mrs. Martindale's funereal appearance were dedicated to preparations for her approaching nuptials; on the strength of which, her favourite Captain was enabled to cut a much greater figure than before. A sumptuous vis-à-vis was building at Hatchett's, by his express order; and in which his taste shone conspicuous. She was perfectly convinced of the sincere attachment of this *Knight of Industry*, and in giving him her hand, bestowed on him also her own house in Devonshire-place; and every appendage of luxury she parted with in his favour, with as little difficulty as she herself had formerly obtained them.

For some months the torch of Hymen blazed with unremitting ardour; but the instability of human happiness soon overpowered, and at length wholly extinguished it. Mrs. Martindale (now Mrs. O'Trigger) was fatally convinced that she was the dupe of a designing fortune-hunter; for such in reality was her chosen mate.

It would be needless to detail the many occurrences which led to the sad reverse of fortune she was henceforward fated to undergo. Her husband's extravagance manifested itself at the gaming-tables, and elsewhere. Her money sheltered him from a goal, but its source was not inexhaustible; and she had no sooner deprived herself of every future comfort, for his preservation, than he left her to lament her error in obscurity and poverty. Captain O'Trigger, after selling her house and all she was possessed of, at length wholly deserted her; and the only account she ever after received of him was that of his having returned to a former wife in Ireland, with whom he had fled to some distant clime, far beyond the reach of law, justice, honour, or humanity.

Lady Jane Martindale continued for a time to run the giddy round of thoughtless dissipation; but her heart, that had ever unwillingly yielded to its dictates, was soon tired of its transient gratifications, and sighed after the humble scenes of peaceful retirement. But these, alas! were

were no longer within the boundary of her own acquisition. She had no friend to support her tottering steps; no soothing hand was stretched forth to yield her comfort; no consolatory parental voice remained to welcome her out of the path of vice. She was, as it were, left alone in the vast universe; the small salary allotted her by Mr. Martindale she duly received; and hitherto temporary additions to it from her acquaintance had not failed her; but she knew these could not last long, and she had acquired experience enough to teach her that they would exist no longer than she was inclined to sacrifice her happiness to the enjoyment of them.

In this situation, she had already continued some years, anxious to exchange it, yet not possessing resolution enough to effect it, when she was one morning surprised by the appearance of Glencairn. He was so much altered in person, that she had at first some difficulty to recollect him; but his heart was the same. He had already been in Scotland, where he

had taken possession of Colonel Stuart's estate; still insisting, that Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay should not quit Allanbank. His voyage to India had not been prosperous. Mr. Stuart's affairs were, when he arrived there, in so deranged a situation, that, at his death, which happened soon afterwards, they were found to be little worth the trouble that had been taken on their account; and he was at length obliged to abandon them, after having obtained but a very slender advantage in favour of his friend and patron. But the residue of Colonel Stuart's fortune was yet more than sufficient to answer any purpose of his own. He had liberality of sentiment sufficient to make every allowance in favour of Lady Jane Martindale's mistaken conduct; and while he could yet entertain the hope of making HER happy, the praise, or the censure of an ill-judging world were to him equally indifferent.

He prevailed on her to accompany him to Edinburgh, where she soon convinced him that the genuine uprightness of her heart

heart had remained uncontaminated by *fashionable levity*. Nor was she long there, before, by her admission into a respectable family, and the delicate caution observed by Glencairn in his visits to her, she gained that countenance and respect which had been wrenched from her in England by the iron hand of cruelty, injustice, and oppression. Not a year had passed after this happy transition, before the death of Mr. Martindale, by liberating her from the most sacred, and most abused of engagements, enabled her to bestow her hand, and large increase of fortune, on him who had so nobly deserved them. The amiable Mrs. Courtenay shone forth on this occasion the bright representative of SPOTLESS virtue. She knew how to pity those errors she had never known; and those temptations which, as she sweetly said, she might not have been able to have withstood, had fate dealt by her with the same severity it had done towards Lady Jane Martindale. The pomp of widowhood would have been but ill displayed by that hitherto unfortunate lady. She neither affected the weeds of sorrow,
nor

nor the trophies of joy; but with all the decorum due to herself, and to those with whom she was now so happily connected, she surrendered, as soon as decency would permit, the name of *Martindale*, and became entitled to the more happy one of *Glencairn*.

In a short time Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay insisted on putting them into possession of Allanbank, and themselves retired to their estate in Ireland. Glencairn gloried in the success of his unshaken fidelity. Lady Jane proved herself the woman of honor and gratitude, by the constant rectitude and unremitting care of her conduct; nor was Glencairn less remarkable as a husband, than he had hitherto been from his steady attachment as a lover, to the *object of his first choice*.

Mrs. O'Trigger plunged into excesses of wanton depravity; and a refusal of Lady Jane's proposal to receive and protect her at Allanbank was the only instance of denial she experienced from her indulgent husband. His acquiescence to pecuniary

niary offers was not however withheld from her, while any hope remained of her deserving such an act of kindness; but her life was at length wholly absorbed by drunkenness and debauchery; and the premature end of it was well calculated to afford a striking example to A BAD HEART!

Nothing was wanting to augment the felicity of Glencairn, but an encrease of his family; and even that was almost compensated by the recollection that Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay were his heirs.

We will now take leave of Lady Jane Glencairn, and her happy husband. Constant patterns of connubial happiness, their lives were spent in the exercise of every social virtue; and Lady Jane proved the happy *Contrast* between *unavoidable error* and *premeditated vice*.

THE END.



